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THE HIVE.

A
COLLECTION
Of the most celebrated
SONGS
Of our best English PoETS.

Several of which now first Printed.

From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And musick borrows helps, she us'd to give.

TICKELL.



LONDON:
Printed for JOHN WALTHOE, jun^r. over-
against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill.

M.DCC.XXIV.

THE FIVE

A

COLLECTION

OF

SONGS

AND

HYMNS

FOR

USE

IN

WORSHIP

AND

TEACHING

OF

THE

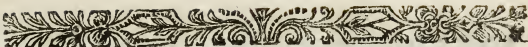
CHURCH

OF


CHRIST

AND

OF



ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

 *HE songs in this collection have been made choice of chiefly for the purity of their language, their easy and flowing numbers, or elegant turn of wit, without any regard to their being set to musick; and there has been so much respect paid to the reader in this choice, that none have been admitted, whose expressions might offend the most delicate.*

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

This volume contains near 300 songs, yet undoubtedly there are many omitted, which better deserve a place in this collection than some which are inserted; the publisher has this only to offer in recompense, that if the gentlemen, who have any such in their possession, will be so kind as to oblige him with them, they shall be communicated to the publick in the succeeding volume.

A 2

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Music



Preparing for the Press,
A Collection of English EPIGRAMS.

*Thus does the little Epigram delight,
And charm us with its miniature of wit:
Whilst tedious authors give the reader pain,
Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
When in less volumes we more pleasure find,
And what diverts, still best informs the mind.*

YALDEN.

Printed for JOHN WALTHOE, jun. over-against
the Royal Exchange in Cornhill.

✿ Whatever Poems of this kind the Bookseller
shall be favour'd with, he will take care to have
handsomly and correctly printed.


NB. The pages 169 to 181, are, by mistake, twice num-
ber'd, so that if a song is not found in the one, the
reader is desired to have recourse to the other.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS, &c.

THE bird, that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns, impatient through the sky,
To nurse the callow brood.

The tender mother knows no joy,
But boads a thousand harms,
And sickens for the darling boy,
While absent from her arms.

Such fondness, with impatience joyn'd,
My faithful bosom fires,
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind ;
The queen of my desires !

2 *A Collection of Songs, &c.*

The powers of verse too languid prove,
All families are vain,
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd
For heaven and joys divine,
The saint is not with raptures fir'd,
More pure, more warm, than mine.

I take what liberty I dare;
'Twere impious to say more :
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddesses I adore.



'T WAS fancy first made *Celia* fair;
'Twas fancy gave her shape and air;
It rob'd the sun, stript every star,
Of beauties, to bestow on her;
And when it had the goddesses made,
Down it fell, and worshipped.
Creator first, and then a creature;
Narcissus, and a pail of water.





COLIN'S *advice*; or Damon to Nisa.

THE cupids had left all the lawns,
The shepherds fell out about *Pan*;
The noise had affrighted the fawns,
And all the kind wood-doves were gone.

The reeds had forgot their sweet strains,
Nor murmur'd so soft as before;
Disputes had distracted the swains,
And love was regarded no more.

Poor *Damon* might talk to the wind
His passion for *Nisa* the fair;
And think, and think on, till he pin'd;
And sigh till he vanish'd to air.

The shepherds sad comforters prove;
Talk nought but of *Pan*, and the times;
Inhumanely banter his love,
And call it all whining, and rhimes.

To shun all their jeers, and their strife,
He flies to a neighbouring cave,
To lament the hard fate of his life,
And hopes 'twill be shortly his grave.

4 *A Collection of Songs, &c.*

Against the damp rock he reclin'd,
Like a languishing lover, his head :
“ My soul now unload thy whole mind ;
“ Here none can upbraid thee, he said.

He thought it a kind of relief,
Whilst here he lamented alone :
Kind echoes repeated his grief,
In plaints full as soft as his own.

“ O ! all ye soft powers above,
“ And must I be silent and die ?
“ Did *Nisa* but know how I love,
“ The charmer cou'd never deny.

“ Young *Colin* had skill to complain,
“ And mingle such art with his woe ;
“ The nymphs were all touch'd with his pain,
“ And tears from the *Nereids* flow.

“ But *Damon*, a plain-hearted swain,
“ On mere simple truth must rely :
“ But what can mere truth hope to gain
“ In a lover, so artless as I ?

“ What oceans of love through me roll !
“ Oh ! 'tis not in words to impart
“ The billows, that hang on my soul ;
“ The sorrow, that choaks up my heart.

“ Why, ye fates, was I destin'd to bear
“ A sorrow I cannot reveal ?

“ Or

“ Or kill me, or help me declare

“ To *Nisa* the passion I feel.

Young *Colin* stood listening near,

And thus he surprizes the youth;

“ If *Nisa* is human, she'll hear:

“ Ah! *Damon*, no language like truth.

“ Go tell her your own artless way;

“ Great passions can ne'er be express'd:

“ Simplicity still wins the day;

“ She knows how to guess at the rest.

“ True love in a soul, that's sincere,

“ Is better than language, or art:

“ Fine similies tickle the ear,

“ But nature will soften the heart.

'Tis done———I have writ to my fair,

But tremble to wait the reply:

Ah! *Nisa*, true lovers are rare;

May *Damon* be happy, or die.



W H I L E



W H I L E in the bower, with beauty blest,
 The lov'd *Amintor* lies ;
 While sinking on *Zelinda's* breast,
 He fondly kifs'd her eyes ;

A wakeful nightingale, who long
 Had mourn'd within the shade,
 Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song,
 And warbled thro' the glade.

Melodious songstrefs, cried the swain,
 To shades less happy go ;
 Or, if with us thou wilt remain,
 Forbear thy tuneful woe.

While in *Zelinda's* arms I lie,
 To song I am not free ;
 On her soft bosom while I sigh,
 I discord find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect joys :
 Then cease thy fond intrusion ;
 Be silent ; musick now is noise,
 Variety confusion.





LOVE's a dream of mighty treasure,
Which in fancy we possess:
In the folly lies the pleasure;
Wisdom always makes it less.

When we are with passion heated,
We a goddess have in chace;
Like *Ixion* all are cheated,
And a watery cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover
Whom his mistress well deceives,
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch that would be knowing
What the fair one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy, to be wise.





A Poor man once a judge besought,
 To judge a-right his cause,
 And with a pot of oil salutes
 This judger of the laws.

My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good :
 He glad away did trudge ;
 Anon his wealthy foe did come
 Before this partial judge.

An hog well fed this churl presents,
 And craves a strain of law.
 The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
 Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd, O ! partial judge,
 Thy doom has me undone ;
 When oil I gave, my cause was good,
 But now to ruin run.

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
 And see thy cause of foil ;
 An hog came since into my house,
 And broke thy pot of oil.





A Maxim this, amongst the wife ;
 That absence cures a love-sick mind :
And others, who philosophize,
 Gravely pronounce, *that love is blind.*
Alas! too well do lovers see :
And separated best agree.

Banish me from *Belinda's* sight ;
 Or, the fond maid far hence remove :
Our bodies part ; our souls unite;
 The more we grieve, the more we love.
Believe the youth, you wrongly blame;
 Absence adds fuel to the flame.

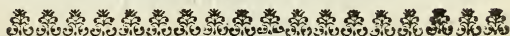
Between us burning deserts place ;
 Or, trackless mountains, hid in snow :
Or let the wide, unfathom'd space
 Of roaring seas, between us, flow :
Place, or not place them ; 'tis all one :
Empires have bounds ; but, love has none.

Secure us, if you can secure,
 On distant rocks, in towers of brass :
When faithful lovers most endure,
 Still, most improv'd their minutes pass.
Imprison her ; imprison me :
In sight of prisons, thought is free !

Cease

10 *A Collection of Songs, &c.*

Cease then your idle, cruel arts;
Recall your harsh command:
A destiny rules over hearts;
And, who can destiny withstand?
In vain, alas! is human skill:
Love will be love, do what you will.



CHLORIS, 'twill be for either's rest,
Truly to know each other's breast:
I'll make th' obscurest part of mine
Transparent as I would have thine.
If you will deal but so with me,
We soon shall part, or soon agree.

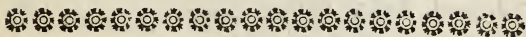
Know then, tho' you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are;
And though the graces of your mind
With a resembling lustre shin'd:
Yet if you love me not, you'll see
I'll value those as you do me.

Though I a thousand times had sworn
My passion should transcend your scorn,
And that your bright triumphant eyes
Create a flame that never dies;
Yet if to me you prov'd untrue,
Those oaths should turn as false to you.

A Collection of Songs, &c. II

If I vow'd to pay love for hate,
'Twas, I confess, a meer deceit;
Or that my flame should deathless prove,
'Twas but to render so your love :
I brag'd as cowards us'd to do
Of dangers they'll ne'er run into.

And now my tenents I have shew'd,
If you think them too great a load ;
T'attempt your change, were but in vain,
The conquest not being worth the pain.
With them I'll other nymphs subdue ;
'Tis too much to lose time, and you.



CHarm'd with *Belinda's* voice and wit,
I ask'd *Apollo's* aid,
That I might sing in numbers fit,
Th' harmonious, heavenly maid.

Unless, said he, she form the song,
Unless she sing the strain,
The sense, the musick of her tongue,
Must undescrib'd remain.



She.



She. **Y**OU say, 'tis love creates the pain,
Of which so sadly you complain;
And yet would fain engage my heart
In that uneasy cruel part:
But how, alas! think you, that I
Can bear the wound, of which you die?

He. 'Tis not my passion makes my care,
But your indiff'rence gives despair:
The lusty sun begets no spring,
'Till gentle show'rs assistance bring:
So love that scorches and destroys,
'Till kindness aids, can cause no joys.

She. Love has a thousand ways to please,
But more to rob us of our ease:
For wakeful nights, and careful days,
Some hours of pleasure he repays;
But absence soon, or jealous fears,
O'erflow the joys with floods of tears.

He. By vain and senseless forms betray'd,
Harmless love's th' offender made;
While we no other pains endure,
Than those, that we our selves procure:
But one soft moment makes amends
For all the torment that attends.

He.

A Collection of Songs, &c. 13

Both. Let us love, let us love, and to happiness haste;
Age and wisdom come too fast:
Youth for loving was design'd.

He. I'll be constant, you be kind.

She. You be constant, I'll be kind.

Both. Heaven can give no greater blessing
Than faithful love, and kind possessing.



PHILLIS, we not grieve that nature,
Forming you, has done her part;
And in every single feature,
Shew'd the utmost of her art.

But in this it is pretended,
That a mighty grievance lies,
That your heart should be defended
Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

Love's a senseless inclination,
Where no mercy's to be found;
But is just, where kind compassion
Gives us balm to heal the wound.

Persians paying solemn duty
To the rising sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.



A LAPLAND Song.

HASTE, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
 Our am'rous journey through this dreery waste :
 Haste, my rain-deer, still, still thou art too slow,
 Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread :
 Soon will the sun withdraw his chearful ray ;
 Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
 No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors
 Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel ;
 Through these I fly to her my soul adores ;
 Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell.

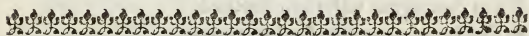
Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd
 My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires ;
 Fly, my rain-deer, fly swifter than the wind,
 Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
 And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,
 Admire each Feature of the lovely maid,
 Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

But

But lo! with graceful motion there she swims,
Gently removing each ambitious wave;
The crowding waves transported clasp her limbs :
When, when, oh when, shall I such freedoms have !

In vain, you envious streams, so fast you flow,
To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze :
From ev'ry touch you more transparent grow,
And all reveal'd, the beauteous wanton plays.



ON *Belvidera's* bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,
The cold regardless maid to move,
With unavailing pray'rs I sue :
“ You first have taught me how to love,
“ Ah teach me to be happy too !

But she, alas ! unkindly wife,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
“ 'Tis every prudent maid's concern
“ Her lover's fondness to improve;
“ If to be happy you shall learn,
“ You quickly would forget to love.





STREPHON the god of love defy'd ;
 Careless on *Chloe's* form he gaz'd ;
 In *Celia's* air no goddess spy'd ;
 And *Mira's* wit with judgment prais'd.

The flighted god at last decreed,
 His brightest nymph the youth should love.
 What stratagem will then succeed
 A stubborn generous soul to move.

His arrow pierces *Silvia's* heart ;
 Said *Strephon*, standing near, I find,
 The gold, that points the fatal dart,
 Has wounded both, and both has join'd.



AN elderly lady, whose bulky squat figure,
 By hoop and white damask, was render'd much
 [bigger,
 Without hood, and bare-neck'd, to the park did re-
 [pair
 To shew her new cloaths, and to take the fresh air.
 Her shape, her attire, rais'd a shout and a laughter ;
 Away waddles madam, the mob hurries after :
 Quoth a wag then, observing the noisy croud follow,
 As she came with a *Hoop*, she is gone with a *Hollow*.



T E L L



TELL my *Strephon* that I die,
 Let echoes to each other tell,
 'Till the mournful accents come
 To *Strephon's* ear, and all is well.

But gently breath the fatal truth,
 And soften ev'ry harsher sound ;
 For *Strephon's* such a tender youth,
 The softest words too deep will wound.

Now fountains, echoes, all be dumb,
 For should I cost my swain a tear,
 I should repent it in my tomb,
 And grieve I bought my rest so dear.

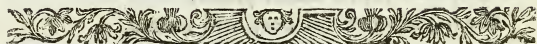


WHEN yielding first to *Damon's* flame,
 I sunk into his arms,
 He swore he'd ever be the same,
 Then rifled all my charms.

But fond of what he'd long desir'd,
 Too eager of his prey,
 My shepherd's flame, alas ! expir'd
 Before the verge of day,

My Innocence of lovers wars
 Reproach'd his quick defeat,
 Confus'd, aham'd, and bath'd in tears,
 I mourn'd his cold retreat.

At length, ah shepherdes! cry'd he,
 Would you my fire renew,
 You must, alas! retreat like me,
 I'm lost if you pursue.



The Revenge.

I Never lov'd but one fair maid,
 And she did prove untrue,
 Untrue to him who to her paid,
 More love than was her due.

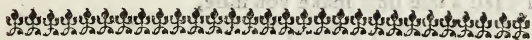
Her wand'ring heart, and faithless eyes,
 Made many a shepherd weep;
 Whilst all of them fought for the prize,
 Which none of them could keep.

Ah! since 'tis so, ye gods, *said I*,
 Ye righteous pow'rs above,
 Revenge on her my misery,
 My true but slighted love.

So may she love as she made me,
And find the same disdain ;
Since she was pleas'd with cruelty,
Now may she feel the pain.

May she know what it is to love,
And lose her wand'ring heart,
To one who will unconstant prove,
And let her feel the smart.

I spake, and lo ! there did ensue
A strange Catastrophe ;
The Gods would punish her I knew,
But little thought by me.



TH E groves, the plains, the nymphs, and swains,
The silver streams, and cooling shade,
All, all declare how false you are,
How many hearts you have betray'd.

Dissembler go, too well I know
Your fatal, false, deluding art ;
To every she, as well as me,
You make an off'ring of your heart.



V I R T U E



*V*IRTUE in Danger : Or, *A Lamentable Story how a Virtuous LADY had like to have been ravish'd by her Sister's FOOTMAN.*

To the Tune of the Children in the Wood.

NOW ponder well, ye ladies fair,
 These words that I shall write:
 I'll tell a tale shall make you stare,
 Of a poor lady's fright.

She laid her down all in her bed,
 And soon began to snore,
 It never came into her head,
 To lock her chamber door.

A footman of her sister dear,
 A sturdy Scot was he,
 Without a sense of godly fear,
 Bethought him wickedly.

Thought he this lady lies alone,
 I like her comely face;
 It would most gallantly be done,
 Her body to embrace.

In

In order to this bold attempt,
He ran up stairs apace,
While she, poor lady, nothing dreamt,
Or, dreamt it was *his Grace*.

The candle flaming in her eyes,
Made her full soon awake ;
He scorn'd to do it by surprize,
Or her a-sleeping take.

A Sword he had, and hard by it
A thing appear'd withall,
Which we, for very modesty,
A pistol chuse to call.

This pistol in one hand he took,
And thus began to woe her ;
Oh ! how this tender creature shook,
When he presented to her.

Lady, quoth he, I must obtain,
For I have lov'd thee long.
Would you know how my heart you gain'd,
You had it for a song.

Resolve to quench my present flame,
Or you shall murder'd be ;
It was those pretty eyes, fair dame,
That first have murder'd me.

The lady look'd, with fear, around,
 As in her bed she lay;
 And though half dying in a swoon,
 Thus to her self did say.

“ Who rashly judge, (it is a rule)
 “ Do often judge amiss :
 “ I thought this fellow was a fool,
 “ But there's some sense in this.”

She then recover'd heart of grace,
 And did to him reply,
 “ Sure, *Arthur*, you've forgot your place,
 “ Or know not that 'tis I.

“ Do you consider who it is,
 “ That you thus rudely treat ?
 “ 'Tis not for Scoundrel Scrubs to wish
 “ To taste their master's meat.

Tut, Tut, quoth he, I do not care,
 And so pull'd down the cloathes :
 Uncover'd lay this lady fair,
 From bubbies down to toes.

“ Oh *Arthur*, cover me, (she said)
 “ Or sure I shall get cold :
 Which presently the Rogue obey'd ;
 He could not hear her scold.

He laid his sword close by her side
Her heart went pit-a-pat;
“ You’ve but one weapon left, (she cry’d)
“ Sure I can deal with that.”

She saw the looby frightened stand,
Out of the bed jump’d she,
Catch’d hold of his so furious hand;
A fight it was to see !

His Pistol hand she held fast clos’d,
As she remembers well;
But how the other was dispos’d
There’s none alive can tell.

The sword full to his heart she laid,
But yet did not him slay;
For when he saw the shining blade,
God-wot, he ran away.

When she was sure the knave was gone
Out of her father’s hall,
This virtuous lady fraight began
Most grievously to bawl.

In came pawpaw, and mawmaw dear,
Who wonder’d to behold :
“ Oot * *Grisee*, what a noise is here,
“ Why stond you in the cold ?

* *The lady’s name was Griffell.*

“ Mawmaw,

24 *A Collection of Songs, &c.*

“ Mawmaw, she said, (and then she wept)

“ I have a battle won ;

“ But if that I had soundly slept,

“ My honour had been gone.

“ A footman of my sister, he” —————

“ A footman ! — cry’d Mawmaw,

“ Dear daughter this must never be,

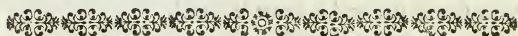
“ And we not go to law.”

This Lady’s fame shall ever last,

And live in *British* song ;

For she was, like *Lucretia*, chaste,

And eke was much more strong.



W I T H studied airs and practis’d smiles,

Flavia my ravish’d heart beguiles :

The charms we make are ours alone,

Nature’s works are not our own ;

Her skilful hand gives ev’ry grace,

And shows her fancy in her face.

She feeds with art and am’rous rage,

Nor fears the force of coming age.





IT is not, *Celia*, in our power
To say how long our love will last,
It may be we within this hour
May lose those joys we now do taste:
The blessed, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past;
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because w're sure to die.

Fear not, tho' love and beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct;
Your kindness now, will then prevail,
And passion turn into respect,
Celia, at worst, you'll in the end,
But change your lover for a friend.



THE nymph that undoes me, is fair and unkind;
No less than a wonder by nature design'd;
She's the grief of my heart, the joy of my eye,
And the cause of a flame, that never can die.

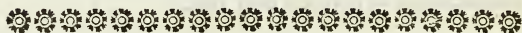
D

Her

26 *A Collection of Songs, &c.*

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose;
Love and destiny both attend on her will,
She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
Where beauty and rigour are both in excess:
In *Silvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.



I Spend my sad life in sighs, and in cries,
And in silent dark shades mourn the frowns of
(your eyes;
Lewd satyrs and fawns soft pity do show,
And wolves howl in consort to the noise of my woe:
Even Mountains and Groves are kinder than she;
Groans rebound from each rock, tears drop from
(each tree:
And all things, but *Celia*, shew pity, shew pity on me.)

Come *Celia*, come learn of these shades to be kind,
Learn to yield when I sigh, trees bend with the wind;
When drops often fall, rocks, stones, will relent,
Ah! learn, cruel maid! when I weep, to repent.
Kind ivies do ne'er from embraces remove,
Rivers mix, and that mixture a marriage may prove;
Learn of trees to embrace; of rivers, cold rivers, to love.



I can-



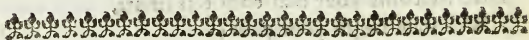
I Cannot change, as others do,
Tho' you unjustly scorn :
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, *Phillis*, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try :
And to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.
When, kill'd with grief, *Amintas* lies ;
And you to mind shall call,
The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
The tears that vainly fall :
That welcome hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain ;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.





TAKE, oh take, my fears away,
Which thy cold disdains have bred ;
And grant me one auspicious ray,
From thy morn of beauties shed.
But thy killing beams restrain,
Least I be by beauty slain.

Spread, oh spread, those orient twins,
Which thy snowy bosom grace ;
Where love in milk, and roses swims,
Blind with lustre of thy face.
But let love thaw 'em first, least I
Do on those frozen mountains die.



SILVIA, methinks, you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace ;
For tho' we all allow you wit,
We can't a handsome face.

Then where's the pleasure, where's the good,
Of spending time and cost ;
For if your wit ben't understood,
Your keeper's blis is lost.





O H fight, the mother of desires,
What charming objects dost thou yield!

'Tis sweet, when tedious night expires,

To see the rosy morning gild

The mountain tops, and paint the field!

But when *Clorinda* comes in sight,

She makes the summer's day more bright,

And when she goes away, 'tis night.

'Tis sweet the blushing morn to view;

And plains adorn'd with pearly dew:

But such cheap delights to see,

Heaven and nature

Give each creature;

They have eyes as well as we:

This is the joy, all joys above,

To see, to see,

That only she,

That only she we love.

And, if we may discover,

What charms both nymph and lover,

'Tis when the fair at mercy lies,

With kind and amorous anguish,

To sigh, to look, to languish,

On each others eyes.



D 3

DEAR



DE A R *Aminda*, in vain you so coily refuse,
 What nature and love do inspire;
 That formal old way, which your mother did use,
 Can never confine the desire,
 It rather adds oil to the fire.

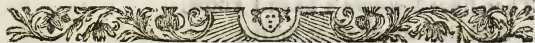
When the tempting delights of wooing are lost,
 And pleasure's a duty become;
 We both shall appear, like some dead lover's ghost,
 To frighten each other from home;
 And the genial bed like a tomb.

Now low at your feet your fond lover will lie,
 And seek a new fate in your eyes;
 One amorous smile will exalt him so high,
 He can all but *Aminda* despise;
 Then change to a frown, and he dies.

To love, and each other, we'll ever be true;
 But to raise our enjoyments by art,
 We'll often fall out, and as often renew;
 For to wound and cure the smart,
 Is the pleasure which captives the heart.

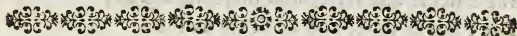


FROM



FROM all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented I had been too blest,
If love and you wou'd let me rest.
Yet that dull life I now despise ;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but oh, I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand soft desires,
Which beauty moves, and love inspires ;
I feel such pangs of jealous fear,
No heart so kind as mine can bear ;
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms ;
Such are those charms,
'Tis worth a life, to die within your arms.



B RUNETTA wou'd in vain conceal
How well she likes her lover ;
Her breast, her eyes, each thought reveal,
Each warmest hope discover.

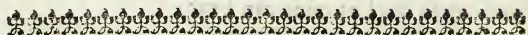
Words may be artful and deceive ;
But in her wishing eyes,
And in her breasts, whene'er they heave,
Unerring nature lies.

Then

Then since *Brunetta's* heart I know,
 And she can guess at mine ;
 Why shou'd we not together go
 Where each of them incline ?

Why fear we what the formal say
 With grave censorious brow ?
 'Tis but the malice of a day,
 That envies what we do.

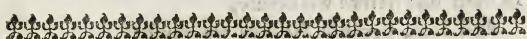
Vile sots and gamesters ev'ry day
 Their reputation squander ;
 If ours we lose, 'tis in a way
 Might tempt a saint to wander.



FAIR *Iris* I love, and hourly I die ;
 But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye :
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree ;
 For I am as false, and as fickle as she :
 We neither believe what either can say ;
 And, neither believing, we neither betray.

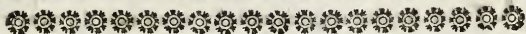
'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course ;
 We mean not the taking for better for worse.
 When present we love ; when absent, agree :
 I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me :
 The legend of love no couple can find,
 So easy to part, or so equally join'd.





FLOCK S are sporting,
Doves are courting,
Warbling linnets sweetly sing :
Joy and pleasure,
Without measure,
Kindly hail the glorious spring.

Flocks are bleating,
Rocks repeating,
Valleys echo back the sound :
Dancing, singing,
Piping, springing,
Nought but mirth and joy go round.



WH A T art thou love ? whence are those charms,
That thus thou bear'st an universal rule ?
For thee the soldier quits his arms,
The king turns slave, the wiseman fool.
In vain we chase thee from the field,
And with cool thoughts resist thy yoke ;
Next tide of blood, alas ! we yield,
And all those high resolves are broke.

In vain our nature we accuse,
 And doat, because she says we must :
 This for a brute were an excuse,
 Whose very soul and life is lust.

To get our likeness, what is that ?
 Our likeness is but misery :
 Why should I toil to propagate
 Another thing as vile as I ?

From hands divine our spirits came,
 And gods that made us did inspire
 Something more noble in our frame,
 Above the dregs of earthly fire.

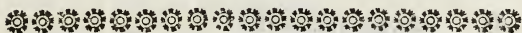


Give o'er foolish heart, and make haste to despair,
 For *Daphne* regards not thy vows nor thy pray'r :
 When I plead for thy passion, thy pains to prolong,
 She courts her guittar, and replies with a song :
 No more shall true lovers thy beauty adore,
 Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.

No more will I wait, like a slave at thy door,
 I'll spend the cold nights at thy window no more ;
 My lungs in long sighs I no more will exhale,
 Since thy pride is to make me grow fullen and pale :
 No more shall *Amintas* thy pity implore,
 Were the gods so ingrate, men would worship no more.

No more shall thy frowns or free humour perswade,
To court the fair idol my fancy has made ;
When thy saints, so neglected, their follies give o'er,
Thy deity's lost, and thy beauty's no more.
No more shall *Amintas*, &c.

How weak are the vows of a lover in pain,
When flatter'd by hope, or oppress'd by disdain ?
No sooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all anew ;
No more, cruel nymph, I will murmur no more ;
Did the gods seem so fair, men would worship them
(more.



A Dialogue between a Cobbler and his Wife.

She. **G**O, go, you vile sot !
 Quit your pipe and your pot :
Get home to your stall and be doing.
 You puzzle your pate
 With whimsies of state,
And play with edge-tools to your ruin.

He. Keep in that shrill note,
 Or, I'll ram down your throat
This red-hot black pipe I am smoaking.
 Thou plague of my life !
 Thou gipsy ! thou wife !
How dar'st thou thy lord be provoking ?

She. You riot and roar
For *Babylon's* whore,
And give up your bible and psalter :
I prithee, dear *Kit*,
Have a little more wit,
And keep thy neck out of the halter.

He. Nay prithee, sweet *Joan*,
Now let me alone
To follow this princely vocation :
I mean to be great
In spite of my fate ;
And settle myself and the nation.

She. Go, go, you vile sot !

He. I matter thee not.

She. Was ever poor woman so slighted ?

He. Thy fortune is made !

She. Go follow your trade !

He. I tell thee, I mean to be knighted.

She. A whipping-post knight !

He. Get out of my sight !

She. Thou traitor, thou ! mark thy sad ending.

He. I'll new-vamp the state ;

The church I'll translate :

Old shoes are no more worth the mending.





Restless to pass the tedious day,
The silent nights in heavy sighs;
To shun the mall, the park, the play,
When you are absent from my eyes:

To wander by the winding brook,
To haunt the unfrequented grove,
Pensive to listen to the rook,
Tell me, my *Emma*, i'n't this love?

Too sure! I feel the racking dart:
Nor does your slave your conquest mourn:
In pity ease a tortur'd heart,
And make his passion a return.

As with superior charms my fair
Above her sex is justly blest,
So ne'er was flame like mine sincere
By any shepherd yet profest.





FAIR and soft, and gay and young,
 All charm! she plaid, she danc'd, she sung!
 There was no way to 'scape the dart,
 No care cou'd guard the lover's heart.
 Ah! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
 (Adoring, yet despairing e'er
 To have her to my self alone)
 Was so much sweetness made for one?

But growing bolder, in her ear
 I in soft numbers told my care:
 She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
 Like heav'n's too mighty to express!
 My joys cou'd but be known by guess!
 Ah, fool, said I, what have I done,
 To wish her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in view,
 Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
 E'er I had reckon'd half her charms,
 She sunk into another's arms.
 But she that once cou'd faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me.
 He, too, will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for one.





M Aiden fresh as a rose,
Young, buxom, and full of jollity,
Take no spouse among beaus,
Fond of their raking quality ;
He who wears a long bush,
All powder down from his perricrane ;
And with nose full of snush,
Snuffles out love in merry vein.

Who to dames of high place,
Do's prattle like any parrot too,
Yet with doxes a brace,
At night piggs in a garret too ;
Patrimony outrun,
To make a fine shew to carry thee ;
Plainly friend th'art undone,
If such a creature marry thee.

Then for fear of a bride
Of flatt'ring noise and vanity,
Yoke a lad of our tribe,
He'll shew thee best humanity.
Flashy thou wilt find love,
In civil as well as secular ;
But when spirit doth move,
We have a gift particular.

Tho' our graveness is pride,
 That boobies the more may venerate;
 He that gets a good bride,
 Can jump when he's to generate;
 Off then goes the disguise,
 To bed in his arms he'll carry thee:
 Then to be happy and wise,
 Take *Yea* and *Nay* to marry thee.

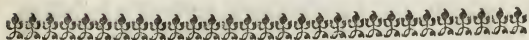


A Female friend advis'd a swain,
 (Whose heart she wish'd at ease)
 Make love thy pleasure, not thy pain,
 Nor let it deeply seize.

Beauty, where vanities abound,
 No serious passion claims;
 Then, 'till a *Phœnix* can be found,
 Do not admit the flames.

But griev'd she finds, that his replies
 (Since prepossess'd when young)
 Take all their hints from *Silvia's* eyes,
 None from *Ardelia's* tongue,

Thus, *Cupid*, of our aim we miss,
 Who wou'd unbend thy bow,
 And each slight nymph a *Phœnix* is,
 When love will have it so.



N A Y ! let me alone,
I protest I'll be gone ;
'Tis a folly to think I'll be subject to one.
Never hope to confine
A young gallant to dine
Like a scholar of *Oxford*, on nought but the loin :
For, after enjoyment, our bellies are full ;
And the same dish again, makes the appetite dull.

By your wantoning art,
Of a sigh, and a start,
You endeavour in vain, to inveigle my heart ;
For the pretty disguise
Of your languishing eyes,
Will never prevail with my sinews to rise :
And 'twas never the mode, in an amorous treat,
When a lover has din'd, to perswade him to eat.

Faith, *Betty*, the jest
Is almost at the best,
'Tis only variety makes up the feast ;
For when we've enjoyed,
And with pleasures are cloy'd,
The vows that we made to love ever, are void :
And you know, pretty nymph, it was ever unfit,
That a meal shou'd be made of a relishing bit.



HOW happy the lover,
How easy his chain,
How pleasing his pain?

How sweet to discover
He sighs not in vain.
For love, every creature
Is form'd by his nature;
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

In vain are our graces,
In vain are your eyes,
If love you despise;
When age furrows faces
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short blessing,
That flies in possessing:
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

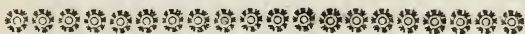


TELL



TELL me *Cupid*, where's thy nest,
In *Clora's* eyes, or in my breast?
When I do behold her rays,
I conclude it in her face:
But when I consider how
They both wound, and burn me too,
I conclude then by my smart,
Thou inhabits in my heart.

Mighty love, to shew thy power,
Tho' it be but for an hour,
Let me beg, without offence,
Thou wilt shift thy residence;
And erect thy self a nest,
In my eyes, and in her breast.



SOME fay women are like the seas,
Some the waves, and some the rocks,
Some the rose that soon decays,
Some the weather, some the cocks;
But if you'll give me leave for to tell,
There's nothing can be compared so well
As wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine;
 They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The foldier, lawyer, and divine;
 They put a gigg in the gravest skull,
 And send their wits to gather wool.
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your visage so pale,
 What is't that makes your looks divine,
 What is't that makes your courage to fail,
 Is it not women, is it not wine.

'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.



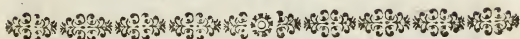
Gentle love this hour befriend me,
 To my eyes resign thy dart;
 Notes of melting musick lend me,
 To dissolve a frozen heart.

Chill as mountain-snow her bosom,
 Tho' I tender language use;
 'Tis by cold indifference frozen,
 To my arms, and to my muse.

See my dying eyes are pleading,
 Where a broken heart appears,
 For thy pity interceding,
 With the eloquence of tears.

While

While the lamp of life is fading,
And beneath thy coldness dies,
Death my ebbing pulse invading,
Take my soul into thy eyes.



YOU I love, by all that's true,
More than all things here below ;
With a passion far more great,
Than e'er creature loved yet :
And yet still you cry, forbear,
Love no more, or love not here.

Bid the miser leave his ore,
Bid the wretched sigh no more ;
Bid the old be young again,
Bid the nun not think of man :
Silvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of choice, but fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate ;
Silvia then do what you will,
Ease or cure, torment or kill ;
Be kind or cruel, false or true ;
Love I must, and none but you.





LEAVE off' this foolish prating,
 Talk no more of whig and tory ;
 But drink your glass,
 Round let it pass,

The bottle stands before you.

Fill it up

To the top,

Let the night with mirth be crown'd ;

Drink about,

See it out,

Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,

This night devote to pleasure,

Let worldly cares,

And state affairs,

Be thought on at more leisure.

Fill it up, &c.

If any is so zealous,

To be a party's minion,

Let him drink like me,

We'll soon agree,

And be of one opinion.

Fill it up, &c.





AS I sat thoughtful in a shade,
There I spied a loving pair,
Who, closely by each other laid,
Past their time in softer care :

While she look'd sadly on the ground,
On her eyes the youth's were fixt ;
In which methought he gladly found,
Jealousy with kindness mixt,

But his soon dull and heavier grew,
When she rais'd her drooping head ;
And told him since he was untrue,
With his faith her love was fled.

Tho' jealousy be full of pain,
Constant love can suffer more ;
The death of yours, says the griev'd swain,
Shews it was but weak before.

The nymph replied, since you can prove,
False to one so kind as I ;
Alas, how hard it is to love,
And how easy 'tis to die !

He answer'd, and did gently seize
Her fair hand, he did adore,
Since you can die with so much ease,
You can love me still with more.

Disguise

Disguise not then your tender heart,
 Fear I should another's be,
 Betrays, in spite of all your art,
 That you were born for only me.

Like gentle dew on wither'd leaves,
 Love is lost on almost all ;
 But the fresh flower with joy receives
 That which there would vainly fall.

To fairest nymphs love adds a grace,
 And no kind one can be foul ;
 Love gives a beauty to the face,
 And a softness to the soul.

Since therefore feign'd inconstancy,
 With the world deceives you too ;
 Henceforth my flame shall rather be
 Seen by all, than not by you.

As by some water's purling noise
 Oft repose we soonest find ;
 So these fond turtles murmuring joys,
 Rock'd asleep my restless mind.

Which Ifrom this blest couple brought,
 Freed from all my duller care ;
 But in it's place, alas, I thought
 Him too happy, her to fair.





TO beauty devoted,
Expecting, desiring,
With passion expiring,
I serve the blind boy.
Yet ever contented,
So easy the chain is,
So pleasing the pain is,
I serve him with joy.



COLIN'S Complaint.

DEspairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was !
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.

50 *A Collection of Songs, &c.*

She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue ;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great,
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe,
She could doat on so lowly a clown ;
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town ?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant wou'd prove ;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love ?

What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd ;
What tho' when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, COLIN, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy lawrel resign ;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
Whose musick is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
'Twas her's to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found ;
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array ;
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
And frolick it all the long day :
While COLIN, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen ;
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.



*The Answer to COLIN's Complaint.*

YE winds to whom COLIN complains,
In ditties so sad and so sweet ;
Believe me the shepherd but feigns,
He's wretched to show he has wit :
No charmer like COLIN can move,
And this is some pretty new art ;
Ah ! COLIN's a jugler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
Seem doleful, and alter his face ;
Can tremble and alter his tale,
Ah ! COLIN has every pace :
The willow my rover prefers,
To the breast where he once begg'd to lie,
And the streams that he swells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

His head my fond bosom wou'd bear,
And my heart wou'd soon beat him to rest ;
Let the swain that is slighted despair,
But COLIN is only in jest :
No death the deceiver designs,
Let the maid that is ruin'd despair ;
For COLIN but dies in his lines,
And gives himself that modish air.

Can shepherds bred far from the court,
So wittily talk of their flame ;
And COLIN makes passion his sport,
Beware of so fatal a game :
My voice of no musick can boast,
Nor my person of ought that is fine,
But COLIN may find to his cost,
A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep ;
And die in the much favour'd brook,
Where COLIN does now sit and weep :
Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
In sonnets so smooth and divine ;
Perhaps I may rise from my grave,
To hear such soft musick as thine.

Of the violet, dasey and rose,
The hearts-ease, the lilly and pink ;
Let thy fingers a garland compose,
And crown'd with the rivulets brink :
How oft my dear swain did I swear,
How much my fond soul did admire,
Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
Tho' deckt in thy rural attire.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
That all your small subjects obey'd ;
And still you reign'd king of this heart,
Whose passion you falsely upbraid :

54 *A Collection of Songs, &c.*

How often my swain have I said,
 That thy arms were a palace to me;
 And how well I cou'd live in a shade,
 Tho' adorn'd with nothing but thee.

Oh what are the sparks of the town,
 Tho' never so fine and so gay;
 I freely wou'd leave beds of down,
 For thy breast and a bed of new hay:
 Then COLIN return once again,
 Again make me happy in love;
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove.



YE nymphs who frequent those sweet plains,
 Where *Thame's* gentle current doth glide,
 Who whilom have heard my glad strains,
 Nor grateful attention deny'd:
 With pity, ye fair, oh reflect,
 On the cruel reverse of my fate!
 See constancy paid with neglect,
 And fondness rewarded with hate!

How joyous and gay was each hour,
 How wing'd with soft pleasures they fled;
 E'er ship-wreck'd on *Humber's* dull shore,
 By love my poor heart was betray'd!

I

For

For there the deceiver doth dwell,
Whose charms have so long been my theme;
In beauty the maid doth excel,
But is fickle and wild as the stream.

If averse to my courtship at first,
She had check'd my fond infant desire;
Her coldness had left me less curst,
And, perhaps, had extinguish'd my fire.
But a thousand false arts she employ'd,
(Ingenious and wanton in ill)
The passion she nurs'd she destroy'd,
And only created to kill.

Yet tho' she delights in my smart,
Tho' she robs me of all I held dear;
Revenge is below a brave heart,
I wish her a lot less severe:
May the swain she shall crown with success,
By his kindness deserve to be priz'd;
'Twould double, methinks, my distress,
At last to see her too desp'is'd.



*The Despairing Swain.*

SAD *Philocles* sigh'd to the wind,
The wind it lamented his moan,
Whilst *Echo* stood pining behind,
And gave him back every groan.

Ye winds! have the grace to be mov'd,
Complaining the fond shepherd said;
The hard-hearted nymph is reprov'd,
By the gentle returns ye have made.

To *Echo* himself he address'd,
Compassion, says he, thou hast shown;
Which proves that the pains of thy breast,
Are almost as great as my own.

'Twill yield me some little relief,
With you, a companion, to stray;
The night shall be spent in my grief,
In tales of your sorrow the day.

The languishing theme of your woe,
The shepherd *Narcissus* shall be;
For *Phyllis* I'll mourn where I go,
'Till grown a mere shadow like thee.

Come, piteous maid, let's *retire*,
To whisper our complaints in a cave;
The pitiful nymph said *retire*,
Such places are likest the grave.

At last, on the side of a hill,
A damp dusky cavern they found;
There *Philocles* sigh'd to his fill,
And *Echo* repeated the sound.

But yet the sad nymph had an art,
Whereby she wou'd flatter his pains;
Tho' speaking the thoughts of her heart,
She seem'd but repeating the swain's.

He seated himself on the ground,
His hand it supported his head;
Despairing, he shew'd ev'ry wound,
The changing false *Phillis* had made.

If once on his rival he thought,
Ye gods! in a rage he would cry;
Oh blast all the charms he has got,
For whom I thus languishing die:

Narcissus was still *Echo's* thought,
Ye gods! the sad nymph would reply,
Oh blast all the charms he has got,
For whom I thus languishing die.

Thus

Thus *Philocles* dy'd in despair,
 While *Echo* augmented his pain;
 When he dy'd, the sad nymph did repair,
 To another sad desperate swain.



The Despairing Lover.

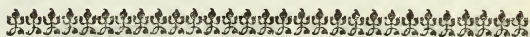
Distracted with care,
 For *Phillis* the fair,
 Since nothing cou'd move her,
 Poor *Damon* her lover
 Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish;
 But mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
 Where a leap from above,
 Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep,
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep;
 His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a lover forsaken,
 A new love may get:
 But a neck when once broken,
 Is'n't easily set:

And,



I Love, and am lov'd, yet more I desire;
 Ah, how foolish a thing is fruition!
 As one passion cools, some other takes fire,
 And I'm still in a longing condition.
 Whate'er I possess,
 Soon seems an excess,
 For something untry'd I petition:
 Tho' daily I prove
 The pleasures of love,
 I die for the joys of ambition.



Beneath a verdant lawrel's ample shade,
 His lyre to mournful numbers strung;
Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,
 To *Venus* thus address'd the song:
 Ten thousand little loves around,
 List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry sound.

*Potent VENUS, bid thy son,
 Sound no more his dire alarms.
 Youth on silent wings is flown:
 Graver years come rolling on.
 Spare my age, unfit for arms;
 Safe and humble let me rest,
 From all am'rous cares releas't.*

*Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare,
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair ?
Why, why, do I all day lament and sigh,
Unless the beauteous maid be nigh ?
And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
Thro' flowry meads, and crystal streams ?*

*Thus sung the bard, and thus the goddess spoke :
Submissive bow to love's imperious yoke :
Ev'ry state, and ev'ry age,
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage :
Compell'd by me thy muse shall prove,
That all the world was born for love.*

*Bid thy destin'd lyre discover,
Soft desire, and gentle pain :
Often praise, and always love her :
Thro' her ear her heart obtain.
Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her :
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.*





THoughtful nights, and restless waking,
 O the pains that we endure !
 Broken faith, unkind forsaking,
 Ever doubting, never sure.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
 What a race has love to run ?
 False protesting, fleeting favours,
 Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

Still complaining, and defending,
 Each to love, yet ne'er agree ;
 Fears tormenting, passion rending,
 O the racks of jealousy !

From such painful ways of living,
 Ah ! how sweet, cou'd love be free ;
 Still presenting, still receiving,
 Fierce immortal extasy.



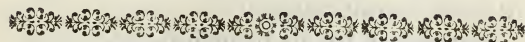
W H E N



FA I R *Celia* she is nice and coy,
While she holds the lucky lure ;
Her repartees are pish and fye,
And you in vain pursue her.

Stay but till her hand be out,
And she become your debtor ;
Address her then, and without doubt,
You'll speed a great deal better.

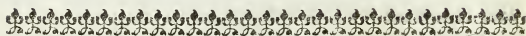
'Tis the only way,
When she has lost at play,
To purchase the courted favour ;
Forgive the score,
And offer her more,
I'll lay my life you have her,



WH E N *Silvia* runs to woods and groves,
And weeps alone, and sighs ;
Whate'er she says, I fear she loves,
And thus I wou'd advise.

If *Silvia* is belov'd enjoy,
Nor let the youth grow cold ;
While young, 'tis foolish to be coy,
You'll think so when you're old.

Your sighs and tears will never do,
 Or love him or despise ;
 He'll soon be weary to pursue,
 The nymph that always flies.



FAirest pride of virgin bloom,
 Pretty, lovely, wanton creature ;
 Object of our vows ; to whom
 Nature gives each finish'd feature :

Learn, my fair one, to be wise ;
 Your allurements want discretion :
 Guide the glances of your eyes ;
 And, by conduct, shew perfection.

Beauty, when its loose desires
 Break the fence of reputation,
 Heedlessly expos'd, inspires
 Not our love, but our compassion.





Lovers, who waste your thoughts and youth,
In passion's fond extreams;
Who dream of women's love and truth,
And doat upon your dreams.

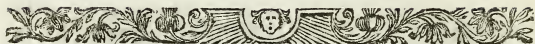
I shou'd not here your fancy take,
From such a pleasing state;
Were you not sure at last to wake,
And find your fault too late:

Then, know, betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares, is all but wiles,
Compos'd of false fantastick frowns,
And soft dissembling smiles,

With anger, which sometimes they feign;
They cruel tyrants prove;
And then turn flatterers again,
With as affected love.

As if some injury were meant
To whom they kindly us'd;
Those lovers are the most content,
Who still have been reus'd.

Since in our bosom each has nurs'd
A false and fawning foe;
'Tis just, and wise, by striking first,
To 'scape the fatal blow.



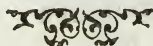
TELL me not I my time mispend,
 'Tis time lost to reprove me ;
 Pursue thou thine, I have my end,
 So *Chloris* only love me.

Tell me not others flocks are full,
 Mine poor, let them despise me
 Who more abound with milk and wool,
 So *Chloris* only prize me.

Tire others easier ears with these
 Unappertaining stories ;
 He never felt the world's disease,
 Who car'd not for its glories.

For pity, thou that wiser art,
 Whose thoughts lye wide of mine ;
 Let me alone with my own heart,
 And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Nor blame him who e'er blames my Wit,
 That seeks no higher prize ;
 Than in unenvy'd shades to sit,
 And sing of *Chloris'* eyes.

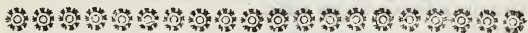




S I L L Y swain, give o'er thy wooing,
Sighing, gazing, kifsing, cooing,
All is very foolish doing.

All that follows after kisses,
The very best, the bliss of blisses,
Is as dull a joy as this is.

Prove the nymph, and taste her treasure ;
Tell me then, when full of pleasure,
What dull thing thou can'st discover,
Duller than a happy lover.



Y O U N G I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield ;
How to keep, or how to gain ;
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true ;
E'er I can my soul disguise ;
Heave my breasts, and roul my eyes.

Stay not 'till I learn the way,
 How to lie, and to betray :
 He that has me first is blest,
 For I may deceive the rest.

Cou'd I find a blooming youth,
 Full of love, and full of truth ;
 Brisk, and of a janty mien,
 I shou'd long to be fifteen.



WOULD we attain the happiest state,
 That is design'd us here ;

No joy a rapture must create,
 No grief beget despair.

No injury fierce anger raise,
 No honour tempt to pride ;

No vain desires of empty praise,
 Must in the soul abide.

No charms of youth, or beauty move,
 The constant settled breast :

Who leaves a passage free to love,
 Shall let in all the rest.

In such a heart soft peace will live,
 Where none of these abound ;

The greatest blessing heav'n does give,
 Or can on earth be found.





UPON a shady bank repos'd,
 Philanthe, amorous, young, and fair,
Sighing to the groves, disclos'd
 The story of her care.

The vocal groves give some relief,
 While they her notes return ;
The waters murmur o'er her grief,
 And *Echo* seems to mourn.

A swain that heard the nymph complain,
 In pity of the fair,
Thus kindly strove to cure her pain,
 And ease her mind of care.

'Tis just that love shou'd give you rest ;
 From love your torments came,
Take that warm cordial to your breast,
 And meet a kinder flame.

How wretched must the woman prove,
 Beware, fair nymph, beware,
Whose folly scorns another's love,
 And courts her own despair.





LOVE's but the frailty of the mind,
 When 'tis not with ambition join'd ;
 A sickly flame, which if not fed expires,
 And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
 Or am'rous youth, that gives the joy ;
 But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a swain,
 For whom inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
 When I insult a rival's eyes ;
 If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see,
 That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.



THUS to a youthful, fickle swain,
 Who lov'd, but ne'er was lov'd again,
 Once *Damon* spoke, nor spoke in vain.

Alexis, wou'd you happy prove ?

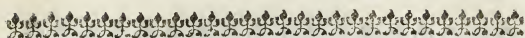
Alexis, wou'd you thrive in love ?

From face to face no longer rove.

Behold the wand'ring nightly fires ;
 Such, alas, are your desires :
 Each nymph a settled flame requires.



SOME



The Sad Surprise.

SOME vex their souls with jealous pain,
While others sigh for cold disdain;
Love's various slaves we daily see,
Yet happy all compar'd with me.
Of all mankind I lov'd the best,
A nymph so far above the rest,
That we out-shin'd the blest above,
She in beauty, I in love :
And therefore they, who cou'd not bear
To be out-done by mortals here ;
Among themselves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below :
All other fate I cou'd have born,
And ev'n endured her very scorn !
But, oh ! thus all at once to find
Her lost, yet constant ; dead, and kind !
What heart can hold ? and if I live,
'Tis but to shew how much I grieve.





ALEXIS shun'd his fellow swains,
 Their rural sports, and jocund strains;
 (Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid's* bow!)
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
 And wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
 His grief some pity, others blame;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek :
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
 And she too kind concern exprest,
 And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
 She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
 That made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head:
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal ?
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care :
Your eyes ten thousand daggers dart:
Ten thousand torments vex my heart :
I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard :
'Tis what I thought ; 'tis what I fear'd :
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd :
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breath your vows, or speak your pain :
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.



THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprizing juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up :
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice or art ;
To the first that's fair or kind
Make a present of their heart :
'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

H

To

To man that was i'th' evening made,
 Stars gave the first delight ;
 Admiring in the gloomy shade
 Those little drops of light.

Then at *Aurora*, whose fair hand
 Remov'd them from the skies,
 He gazing tow'rd the *East* did stand,
 She entertain'd his eyes.
 But when the bright sun did appear,
 All those he did despise ;
 His wonder was determin'd there,
 And cou'd no higher rise : -

He neither might, nor wish'd to know
 A more refulgent light :
 For that (as mine your beauties now)
 Imploy'd his utmost sight.



THE wakeful nightingale, that takes no rest,
 While *Cupid* warms his little, little breast ;
 All night how sweetly, how sweetly he complains,
 And makes us fear that love has pains :
 No, no, no, no, 'tis no such thing,
 For love that makes him wakeful, makes him sing.





YE fwains that are courting a maid,
Be warn'd and instructed by me :
Tho' small experience I've had,
I'll give you good counsel, and free.

The women are changeable things,
And seldom a moment the same :
As time a variety brings,
Their looks new humours proclaim.

But who in his love wou'd succeed,
And his mistress's favour obtain ;
Must mind it, as sure as his creed,
To make hay while the sun is serene.

There's a season to conquer the fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay :
To catch the occasion take care ;
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll essay.





WHERE would coy *Aminta* run,
 From a despairing lover's story ?
 When her eyes have conquests won,
 Why should her ear refuse the glory ?
 Shall a slave whom racks constrain,
 Be forbidden to complain.

Let her scorn me, let her fly me,
 Let her looks her life deny me ;
 Ne'er can my heart change for relief,
 Or my tongue cease to tell my grief ;
 Much to love, and much to pray,
 Is to heaven the only way.



IN vain you fable weeds put on,
 Clouds cannot long eclipse the sun ;
 Nature has plac'd you in a sphere,
 To give us day-light all the year :
 'Tis well for those,
 Of *Cupid's* foes,
 That your beauties thus shrowded lie,
 For when that night,
 Puts on the light,
 What crowds of martyr'd slaves will die.





SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares,

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way :
If their be blifs without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move :
So two rich mountains of *Peru*
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames, those raging fires,
The purer blifs destroy :
On *Ætna's* top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
T'improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms,
 None of the melting passions warms,
 Can mingle hearts and hands :
 Logs of green wood that quench the coals,
 Are marry'd just like *Stoic* souls,
 With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
 Still silent, or that still complain,
 Can the dear bondage bless :
 'As well may heavenly comforts spring
 From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
 Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold,
 Two jarring souls of angry mould,
 The rugged and the keen :
 'Sampson's young foxes might as well
 In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,
 With fire-brands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
 A gentle to a savage mind,
 For love abhors the sight :
 Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,
 For native rage, and native fear,
 Rife and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet ;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves :
Bright *Venus* on her rolling throne,
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And *Cupids* yoke the doves.



O Bserve, ye Beaus, *Belinda* walking,
Notice well her graceful air ;
And if ye can but hear her talking,
Own, with me, she's wise as fair.

Her outward charms are such a treasure,
All that see them with t'enjoy ;
But yet her mind can yield a pleasure,
Time and tasting can't destroy.

All our youth, allow'd to know her,
Conquer'd by her shape and mien ;
With emulation humbly woe her,
Proud and happy in their pain.

Ev'n those, who, more than outward features,
Prize the beauties of the mind ;
By her o'ercome, exchange their natures,
Love triumphs, and age grows kind.





CELIA has a thousand charms,
 'Tis heaven to lie within her arms;
 While I stand gazing on her face,
 Some new and some resistless grace,
 Fills with fresh magick all the place.

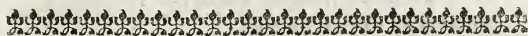
But while the nymph I thus adore,
 I shou'd my wretched fate deplore;
 For oh *Mirtillo* have a care,
 Her sweetness is above compare,
 But then she's false, she's false, as well as fair.



BALDA, thou art of womankind
 The ugliest, oddest creature!
 With wisdom you have folly join'd,
 Perverseness with good-nature.
 Or silent, or in mirth too loud,
 Still various you appear;
 Humble to day, to morrow proud,
 Now gentle, now severe.
 Rashly you love, and rashly hate,
 And make, at sight, each person
 (Such miracles can pride create)
 Your favourite and aversion.

Now

Now, *Balda*, since your merit's clear,
What needs there more be said ;
Withdraw betimes and say your prayer,
And then go straight to bed.



GO, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In desarts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.



Never



NEver more I will protest,
To love a woman, but in jest ;
For as they cannot be true,
So to give each man his due,
When the wooing fit is past,
Their affection cannot last.

Therefore if I chance to meet
With a mistress fair and sweet,
She my service shall obtain,
Loving her for love again :
Thus much liberty I crave,
Not to be a constant slave.

For when we have try'd each other,
If she better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change am I as free.
He or she that loves too long,
Sells their freedom for a song.





MUST poor lovers still be wooing,
Beauties must they never gain ?

Must they always be pursuing,

Never, never, to obtain ?

Can you glory in our dying ?

Bleeding wounds shou'd pity move ;

Can you glory in denying ?

Yield at last, and crown our love.

Then all the little gods of love that are near us,
And all the sweet birds of the grove that can hear us,
In the air and on boughs shall attend us around,
All the *Cupids* with roses shall cover the ground,
Whilst our am'rous birds chanting the eccho's resound.

Then with myrtle wreaths surrounded,

Underneath cool shades we lie ;

Both eye-wounding, both eye-wounded,

There both killing, we'll both die.

Thy bright eyes shall gently fire me,

Mirth, and wit, and gallantry ;

And thy charming looks inspire me,

With new themes of poetry.

Then all the little gods, &c.



I look'd,



I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I cou'd speak,
 For I very fain wou'd have been at her ;
 But when I strove most my passion to break,
 Still then I said least of the matter.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I wou'd try
 Some way my poor heart to recover ;
 But that was all vain, for I sooner cou'd die
 Than live with forbearing to love her.

Dear *Celia* be kind then ; and since your own eyes
 By looks can command adoration ;
 Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
 Those oglings that tell you my passion.

(speak,
 We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither shou'd
 The pleasure we'll still be pursuing ;
 And so without words, I don't doubt we may make
 A very good end of this wooing.



LEAVE



LEAVE, *Clorinda*, leave the town,
With their scandal, and lampoon ;
To the hills, and to the woods,
Did resort the nymphs and gods :
From the dust, the smoak, the noise ;
Where no roaring damme-boys
Might disturb their sacred joys.

Who wou'd all that wealth expose ?
Who, that half the value knows ?
To be star'd upon by fops ;
To be every coxcomb's hopes :
Leave them to their vanities,
To their nonsense, to their lyes ;
And learn in time your self to prize.

Tho' they dress, and tho' they comb,
And are sure to flatter home ;
Dull and nauseous are their praises,
Forc'd, ungainly, their grimaces.
Whatsoever strains they pass,
Howsoe'er set off your face,
'Tis far better in your glass.

Who so strange, that has not heard
 Of *Thebes* town by musick rear'd ?
 Harmony all you have in store,
 You have charms a thousand more ;
 Let your power be nobly shown ;
 Raise a people of your own,
 And turn the forrest to a town.



MY lodging it is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare ;
 But that which troubles me most, is
 The unkindness of my dear :
 Yet still I cry, oh turn love,
 And I pr'ythee love turn to me ;
 For thou art the man that I long for ;
 And alack what remedy.

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
 And I'll marry thee with a rush-ring ;
 My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing :
 O turn to me, my dear love,
 And I pr'ythee love turn to me,
 For thou art the man that alone canst
 Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan ;
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw all alone :
Yet still I cry, oh turn love,
And I pr'ythee love turn to me,
For thou art the man, that alone art
The cause of my misery.



She. **T**ELL me pr'ythee, faithless swain,
Why you did such passion feign,
On purpose to deceive me ;
I no sooner lov'd again,
But you again do leave me.

He. *Phillis* we must blame our fate,
Kindness bears a certain date,
And o'er those joys we tasted,
You in peevishness and state,
The time have almost wasted.

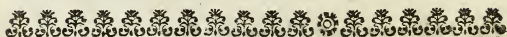
She. 'Twas love did your's destroy ;
Strephon, had I still been coy,
I know you still wou'd prize me ;
Think or dream you do enjoy,
And then you'll not despise me.

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He. Love, like other native fires,
Leaves what's burnt, and straight desires
Fresh objects to be chusing ;
Repetition always tires,
And all's the worse for using.

She. Once again thy love pursue,
And my scorns I will renew :
But passion doth so sway me,
That shou'd I my sighs subdue,
My tears wou'd soon betray me.

He. Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
Nymph, your beauty soon will gain
A more deserving lover ;
Slaves that once have broke their chain,
You hardly can recover.



The Advice.

SHE that wou'd gain a constant lover,
Must at a distance keep the slave ;
Not by a look the heart discover,
Men shou'd but guess the thoughts we have.

Whilst they're in doubt, their flame encreases,
And all attendance they will pay ;
When we're possess'd, their transport ceases,
And vows, like vapours, fleet away.





N O more, severely kind, affect
To put that lovely anger on ;
Sweet tyrant ! if thou can't suspect
Thy lover's eyes, yet trust thy own.

Aw'd by stern honour, watchful spies,
Dull, formal rules I'm forc'd t'obey ;
Like dungeon slaves, my hasty eyes
Just snatch a glimpse of chearful day.

Absent, the desert walks I view,
Here went *Eliza*, there she came ;
With tears my lonely couch bedew,
And dreaming, sigh *Eliza's* name.

“ Where is his soul, the women cry,
“ The stupid lump ! the lifeless earth !
“ Where, say the men, his brisk reply,
“ His crimson glass, and noisy mirth !

Hast thou not mark'd my burning kifs,
My lawless pulse, my bounding heart ?
How oft, when wild for further blifs,
All trembling from thy arms I start ?

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Ah spotless fair, too well I find
My passion's strong, my reason frail :
Ah ! can I stain that angel mind,
And, virtue lost, let love prevail ?

No ! down in shades below we'll rove,
A glorious miserable pair,
Gaz'd at through all the myrtle grove,
For burning love, and chaste despair.

Say, if thou lov'st, did ever youth,
That wish'd like me, like me endure ?
Do'st thou not blame this swainish truth,
And wish my flame was not so pure ?

In pity hate me, tempting fair,
An happy exile let me fly.
What sev'rish wretch his thirst can bear,
That sees the cooling stream so nigh !

Oh ! I shall all my vows unsay,
If once I gaze——my blood will glow ;
This virtuous frost will melt away,
And love's wild torrent over-flow.





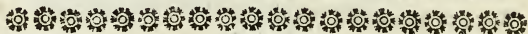
PHILLIS, why shou'd we delay
 Pleasures shorter than the day ?
 Cou'd we (which we never can)
 Stretch our lives beyond their span ;
 Beauty like a shadow flies,
 And our youth before us dies.
 Or wou'd youth and beauty stay,
 Love hath wings, and will away.
 Love hath swifter wings than time ;
 Change in love to heav'n does climb ;
 Gods that never change their state,
 Vary oft their love and hate.
Phillis, to this truth we owe
 All the love betwixt us two.
 Let not you and I inquire
 What has been our past desire :
 On what shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what nymphs I have beguil'd ;
 Leave it to the planets too,
 What we shall hereafter do ;
 For the joys we now may prove,
 Take advice of present love.





UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
 With drinking to excess;
 I shou'd not want to drown despair,
 Were your indifference less.
 Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
 When this excuse is gone;
 That all my blifs when *Cloe's* kind,
 Is fixt in her alone.

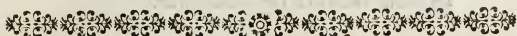
The god of wine,
 The victory to beauty yields with joy;
 For *Bacchus* only drinks like me,
Bacchus only drinks like me, when *Ariadne's* coy.



CLOE be kind, no more perplex me,
 Slight not my love at such a rate;
 Shou'd I your scorn return, 'twou'd vex you,
 Love much abus'd will turn to hate.
 How can so lovely charming a creature,
 Put on the look of cold disdain.
 Women were first design'd by nature,
 To give a pleasure, not a pain;

Kind-

Kindness creates a flame that's lasting,
When other charms are fled away ;
Think on the time we now are wasting,
Throw off those frowns and love obey.



Wo u'd you chuse a wife, for a happy life,
Leave the court, and the country take ;
Where *Dolly* and *Sue*, young *Molly* and *Prue*,
Follow *Roger* and *John*, whilst harvest goes on,
And merrily, merrily rake.

Leave the *London* dames, be it spoke to their shames,
To ligg in their beds till noon ;
Then get up and stretch, then paint too and patch,
Some widgeon to catch, then look on their watch,
And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea, both green and bohea,
Is serv'd to their tables in plate ;
Where their rattles do run, as swift as the sun,
Of what they have won, and who is undone,
By their gaming and sitting up late.

The lass give me here, tho' brown as my beer,
That knows how to govern her house ;
That can milk her cow, or farrow her sow,
Make butter or cheese, or gather green pease,
And values fine cloaths not a louse.

This,

This, this is the girl, worth rubies and pearl ;
 This the wife that will make a man rich :
 We gentlemen need, no quality breed,
 To squander away, what taxes wou'd pay,
 In troth we care for none such.



YE stars that rul'd my birth,
 The man I love restore !
 Pity my grief,
 This one relief
 But grant, I ask no more.

Restore the jewel of my heart ;
 All other losses I can bear !
 Tho' he flies me,
 And denies me,
 He alone is worth my care.





IF wine and musick have the pow'r
To ease the sickness of the soul ;
Let *Phæbus* ev'ry string explore,
And *Bacchus* fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid imploy,
To make my *Cloe's* absence light ;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return :
Venus, be thou to-morrow great ;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's blessings own :
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.



Written

*Written in the Year 1720.*

OMBRE and BASSET laid aside,
 New games employ the fair :
 And *Brokers* all those hours divide,
 Which *Lovers* us'd to share.

The court, the park, the foreign song,
 And *Harlequin's* grimace,
 Forlong, amidst the city throng,
 Behold each blooming face.

With *Jews* and *Gentiles*, undismay'd,
 Young, tender virgins mix ;
 Of whiskers, nor of beards afraid,
 Nor all their coufening tricks.

Bright jewels, polish'd once to deck
 The fair one's rising breast,
 Or sparkle round her ivory neck,
 Lie pawn'd in iron chest.

The genuine passions of the mind
 How avarice controuls !
 E'en love does now no longer find
 A place in female souls.





A P O L L O I will not implore,
For he in fables deals ;
And eke that man I do abhor,
Who wrote the *Persian Tales*.

Whoe'er in *February* last,
Of *Flying-Post* the news saw,
Did read with terror much aghast,
The monster of *Ragusa*.

How *Proteus* left his wat'ry couch
The pagan poets tell ;
He had more shapes than *Scaramouch*,
And in the deep did dwell.

Their *Proteus* and his flock so fair,
Their *Neptune* and their *Triton*,
If with this giant you compare
Are monsters you may sh--- on.

His stature it was wond'rous high,
High as the tow'r of *Babel* ;
So that his head propt up the sky,
Is most high-ly probable.

On a whale's back he sat full fast ;
A dolphin was his dog ;
With cable-rope, ty'd to a mast,
His whale he oft did flog.

K

Beneath

98 *A Collection of Songs, &c.*

Beneath his arms did muscles cling,

And congers suck'd each pap :

Behind his buttocks hung two ling,

That always went *flip-flap*.

Oysters about him stuck like warts;

Eels twisted round his tail,

Crabs clamber'd up his privy parts,

Which he crack'd on his nail.

His very sneezing shook the shore ;

He cough'd the ground asunder ;

His voice was like the cannon's roar ;

And he broke wind like thunder.

None did him see that stood him near,

Or knew the words he said ;

For few cou'd see, and few cou'd hear,

Since all the folks were dead.

O monster ! monster ! who cou'd know

The words that from thee came ?

Rome, and *Jerusalem* also,

Both heard and told the same.

Much he of *Antichrist* held forth,

And much of the *Pretender* ;

Much of a monarch in the north,

That once did lodge at *Bender*.

He

He talked of the king of *France*,
Of *English* whig and tory ;
And how their jars do much advance
Great Britain's pow'r and glory :

The pope's the whore of *Babylon*,
The turk he is a jew,
The christian is an infidel,
That sitteth in a pew.

And yet the pope shall christian turn,
In hopes of his salvation ;
As---l likewise and *Toland* burn
At stake for revelation.

'Gainst paint and playhouses he spoke,
Hoop-petticoats and tea,
And vintners vile that poison folk,
And snuff and sodomy.

This said, he back to sea did slip,
(But first eat fifty muttons)
And of his tail cockt up the tip,
Long as the worm at B---n's.

O B---n ! do not advertise,
Nor thy huge worm so brag on ;
This giant voided of vast size,
A mighty, flying dragon.

And tho' his belly made great roar,
 And rais'd the tempest louder :
 'Tis said he never knew *John Moore*,
 Nor swallow'd his worm-powder.



WHY was not wit with beauty join'd ?
 I hate a face without a mind.
 If e'er I to that sex submit,
 'Twill be to *Cloe*'s pow'rful wit :
 For *Celia*, tho' divinely fair,
 Art may improve, or age impair.
 When wit alone my passion moves,
 The only thing which time improves.
 The god with wit must tip his dart,
 And pierce my ear to wound my heart.





*On sight of a LADY's face in the
water.*

STAND still, ye floods, do not deface
That image which you bear :
So votaries from ev'ry place,
To you shall altars rear.

No winds, but lovers sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streams ;
On which no star from any sphere,
Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal then in haste congeal,
Lest you shou'd lose your blifs ;
And to my cruel fair reveal,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious nymphs shall fear
Their beauties will be scorn'd ;
And hire the ruder winds to tear
That face which you adorn'd :

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may despise ;
And from your froths we soon shall see
A second *Venus* rise.



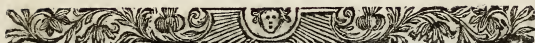


WERT thou yet fairer than thou art,
 Which lies not in the pow'r of art ;
 Or hadst thou in thine eyes more darts
 Than ever *Cupid* shot at hearts ;
 Yet if they were not thrown at me,
 I wou'd not cast a thought on thee.

I'd rather marry a disease,
 Than court the thing I cannot please :
 She that will cherish my desires,
 Must meet my flames with equal fires :
 What pleasure is there in a kiss
 To him that doubts the heart's not his ?

I love thee not because thou'rt fair,
 Softer than down, smother than air ;
 Nor for the *Cupids* that do lie
 In either corner of thine eye :
 Would'st thou then know what it might be ?
 Tis I love you, 'cause you love me.





Man. SINCE 'tis to sin so very sweet,
So needful to forbear ;
Or else our nature is too weak,
Or duty too severe.
Thus baited by two cruel foes,
In constant love we live :
As nature does the law oppose,
The law does nature grieve.

Wom. Thou tyrant, honour, hence be gone,
I will no more be cheated ;
If 'tis to love, to be undone,
I'll try my fate and meet it.

Man. To trust him longer, you're to blame,
He'll certainly deceive you,
For love's a very harmless flame :

Wom. I wish I cou'd believe you.





HENCE, hence, thou vain fantastick fear
Of ill to come, we know not where ;
Stand not with thy infernal face
To fright my love from my embrace :
To what a height should we love on,
Wert thou and all thy shadows gone ?

Sigh, sigh no more, nor cry, forbear,
'Tis sin, I neither must nor dare ;
If sin can in these pleasures dwell,
If this can be the gate of hell,
No flesh can hold from ent'ring in ;
Heav'n must forgive so sweet a sin.

Down, down she does begin to fall,
And now the shadows vanish all ;
And now the gate is ope to bliss,
And now I'm enter'd paradise ;
Whilst envying angels flock to view,
And wonder what it is we do.





IN *Phillis* all vile jilts are met,
Foolish, uncertain, false, coquette.
Love is her constant welcome guest,
And still the newest pleases best.
Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon ;
Her life on woman's a lampoon.

Yet for the plague of human race,
This devil has an angel's face ;
Such youth, such sweetness in her look,
Who can be man, and not be took ?
What former love, what wit, what art,
Can save a poor inclining heart ?

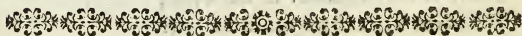
In vain, a thousand times an hour,
Reason rebels against her pow'r ;
In vain I rail, I curse her charms ;
One look my feeble rage disarms ;
There is enchantment in her eyes ;
Who sees 'em can no more be wise.





L O V E in phantastick triumph sat,
 Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
 For whom fresh pains he did create,
 And strange tyrannick pow'r he shew'd :
 From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
 Which round about in sport he hurl'd ;
 But 'twas from mine he took desires,
 Enough t'undo the amorous world.

From me, he took his sighs and tears ;
 From thee, his pride and cruelty ;
 From me, his languishments and fears ;
 And ev'ry killing dart from thee :
 Thus thou, and I, the god have arm'd,
 And set him up a deity ;
 But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
 Whilst thine the victor is, and free.



T E L L us, *Cupid*, in what schools,
 By what masters, by what rules,
 We must be taught to love :
 How dost thou inform the weak,
 Teach the ignorant to speak
 So much like you above.

The learn'd whom *Athens* breed,
And *Phæbus* oft inspire,
May solemn lectures read
On love, yet want its fire.

'Tis thou alone do'st warmth impart,
Our thoughts and words improve ;
And only those who learn thy art
Of thee, should sing of love.

Inspir'd by thee, the rudest mind
In softest notes complains ;

Wit then in savages we find,
And eloquence in swains.

Lovers by broken words and sighs

Their meaning can express,
And by their carriage or their eyes

We may their wishes guess.

Others then may read the wise,

I'll read only *Celia's* eyes ;

Gazing there with much delight,

I'll take up my pen and write :

And being thus inspir'd, will try

Who's more eloquent than I.





The Relapse.

O H turn away those cruel eyes,
The stars of my undoing;
Or death, in such a bright disguise,
May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious pride,
Who dare contemn thy glory;
It was my fall that deify'd
Thy name, and seal'd thy story.

Yet no new suff'rings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee;
Though my first death proclaim thee fair,
My second will dethrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou can'st entice
No other for thy fuel,
And, if thou burn one victim twice,
Both think thee poor and cruel.





MUSING on cares of human fate,
In a sad cypress grove;
A strange-dispute I heard of late,
'Twixt *Vertue*, *Fame*, and *Love* :
A pensive shepherd ask'd advice,
And their opinions crav'd,
How he might hope to be so wise,
To get a place beyond the skies,
And how he might be fav'd.

Nice *Vertue* preach'd religion's laws,
Paths to eternal rest ;
To fight his king's and country's cause,
Fame counsell'd him was best.
But *Love* oppos'd their noisy tongues
And thus their votes out-brav'd ;
Get, get a mistress, fair and young,
Love fiercely, constantly and long,
And then thou shalt be fav'd.

Swift as a thought the am'rous swain
To *Silvia*'s cottage flies,
In soft expressions told her plain,
The way to heav'nly joys.
She who with piety was stor'd,
Delays no longer crav'd ;
Charm'd by the god whom they ador'd,
She smil'd and took him at his word ;
And thus they both were fav'd.



Upon a Lady's shooting at a Deer.

THE bow she strung, and to the head
The little arrow drew ;
But yet howe'er those arrows fled,
No blood-shed did ensue.

Were my *Aurelia's* angry hand
Unerring as her eyes,
How wou'd the fatal shaft command
What now securely flies ?

Cou'd but the nymph o'er man and beast
With equal force preside,
She'd lay the whole creation waste
In wantonness and pride.

But nature, providently wise,
Stopt short as she began ;
And bid her, having arm'd her eyes,
Content herself with man.





COME pious mourner, pray no more,
But let the gods alone ;
You favours endlessly implore,
But will be granting none.
Can you expect from any king
To gain whate'er you crave,
Who dare when you your off'rings bring
Torment and wound his slave ?
You ask of heav'n eternal crowns,
As your devotion's due ;
And yet can wound me with your frowns,
For asking smiles of you.

Asunder let's no longer stray,
But both devotions join ;
Let us when dead be sav'd your way,
But whilst we live in mine.
If e'er I to a soul am pin'd,
I gain the thing I fought ;
I'll be content to be all mind
To act it o'er in thought.
Admit me to the place of bliss,
To love's divine abodes,
And we will laugh at paradise,
And not be saints, but gods.





PERSUADE me not, there is a grace
 Proceeds from *Silvia's* voice or lute,
 Against *Miranda's* charming face
 To make her hold the least dispute.

Musick, which tunes the soul for love,
 And stirs up all our soft desires,
 Does but the glowing flame improve,
 Which pow'rful beauty first inspires.

Thus, whilst with art she plays, and sings,
 I to *Miranda*, standing by,
 Impute the musick of the strings,
 And all the melting words apply.



FROM place to place, forlorn I go,
 With down-cast eyes a silent shade;
 Forbidden to declare my woe,
 To speak, 'till spoken too, afraid.

Me, to the youth who caus'd my grief,
 My too consenting looks betray;
 He loves, but gives me no relief,
 Why speaks not he who may?

DUKE



DUKE upon DUKE.

Written in the Year 1719.

TO lordings proud I tune my song,
Who feast in bower or hall;
Tho' dukes they be, yet dukes shall see
That pride will have a fall.

Now that this same it is right sooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befell *John* duke of *Guise*,
And *Nic* of *Lancastere*.

When *Richard Cœur de Lyon* reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd,
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough,
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff,
And if your a----e, a kick.

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Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
At every turn fell to't;
Come near, they trode upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of these the duke of *Lancastere*
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trode
His foes and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver sate,
Sobroad it hid his chin;
For why, he thought no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With *Spanish* wool he dy'd his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civit-cat more sweet,
Nor more could scratch and tear.

Right tall, he made himself to show,
Tho' made full short by G---d;
And when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blith and debonaire,
To *Guise's* duke was he;
Never was such a loving pair,
Why did they disagree?

Oh ! thus it was, he lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him ;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desperate quill,
And thus he did indite ;
This eve at whisk our self will play,
Sir duke, be here to night.

Ah no ! ah no ! the guileless *Guise*,
Demurely did reply ;
I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
So fore the gout have I.

The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on ;
Lord ! lord ! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly *Kensington* !

All in a trice on *Guise* he rush'd,
Thrust out his lady dear ;
He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.

But mark ! how midst of victory,
Fate shews an old dog-trick ;
Up leap'd duke *John*, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell duke *Nic*.

Alas, oh *Nic!* oh *Nic*, alas!

Right did thy gossip call thee,
As who should say, alas the day

When *John* of *Guise* shall maul thee.

For on thee did he clap his chair,

And on that chair did sit;

And look'd as if he meant therein

To do what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woful duke,

Thy mouth yet durst not ope,

Certes, for fear of finding there

A t----d instead of trope.

“ Lie there thou caitiff vile, quoth *Guise*,

“ No sheet is here to save thee,

“ The casement it is shut likewise,

“ Beneath my feet I have thee.

“ If thou hast ought to say, now speak.

Then *Lancaster* did cry,

“ Know’st thou not me, nor yet thy self,

“ Who thou, and who am I?

“ Know’st thou not me, who god be prais’d,

“ Have bawl’d and quarrell’d more,

“ Than all the line of *Lancaster*

“ That battled heretofore?

“ In senates fam’d for many a speech,
“ And what some awe must give ye ;
“ Tho’ laid thus low beneath thy breech,
“ Still of the council privy.

“ Still of the dutchy chancellor,]
“ *Durante* life I have it,
“ And turn (as now thou dost on me)
“ Mine a----e on those that gave it.

But now the servants they rush’d in,
And duke *Nic* up leap’d he,
I will not cope against such odds,
But *Guise*, I’ll fight with thee.

To-morrow with thee will I fight,
Under the greenwood tree ;
No, not to-morrow, but to night,
Quoth *Guise*, I’ll fight with thee.

And now the sun declining low
Bestreak’d with blood the skies,
When with his sword at saddle bow
Rode forth the valiant *Guise*.

Full gently praunc’d he on the lawn,
Oft rowl’d his eye around,
And from his stirrup stretch’d to find
Who was not to be found.

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Long brandish'd he his blade in air,
 Long look'd the field all o'er,
 At length he spied the merry men brown,
 And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold *Nicholas*
 Did wave his hand so white,
 As pointing out the gloomy glade
 Whereat he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour so calm
 Was *Lancaster* to see,
 As if he meant to take the air,
 Or only take a fee.

And so he did, for to *New court*
 His trowling wheels they run ;
 Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife,
 But business must be done.

Back in the dark, by *Brompton park*,
 He turn'd up thro' the gore,
 So slunk to *Campden* house so high,
 All in his coach and four.

Mean while duke *Guise* did fret and fume,
 A sight it was to see,
 Benumm'd beneath the evening dew,
 Under the greenwood tree.

Then

Then wet and weary home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
The day I meet *Nic* he shall rue
The cudgel of that day.

Mean time on every pissing post
Paste we this recreant's name,
So that each pisser-by shall read,
And pifs against the same.

Now god preserve our gracious king,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this lesson from duke *Nic*,
That pride will have a fall.



TH O' cruel you seem to my pain,
And hate me because I am true ;
Yet *Phillis* you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heav'n 'twou'd be ;
To him but a woman you seem ;
But, ah, you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever cou'd grow ;
 Still clinging around that dear waste,
 Which he spans as besides you he'll go.

That hand like a lilly so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay ;
 My bosom cou'd warm it all night,
 My lips they cou'd press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
 Were graces my subjects to be ;
 I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
 To dwell in a cottage with thee.

But if I must feel your disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelty drown ;
 Oh let me not live in this pain,
 But give me my death in a frown.



IN vain you tell your parting lover,
 You wish fair winds may waft him over.
 Alas! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love ?
 Alas ! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those which I sustain,
 From slighted vows and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose :
That thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwrackt heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain ;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.



SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,

Gentle as wind when *zephyre* blows ;
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun ;
Constant as gliding waters rowl,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon :
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues ;
Sweet *Philomel* in shady bow'rs
Of verdant spring her note renews :
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

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Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise ,
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies :
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
And marble bow'rs and walls of brass,
In his rude march, he levels low :
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove ;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the blest above :
Where known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and her sister fair, the soul,
Twin-born from heav'n together came ;
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name :
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.





ALL in the *downs* the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest :
The noblest captain in the *British* fleet,
Might envy *William's* lips those kisses sweet.

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again :
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright ;
 Thy breath is *Africk's* spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus every beauteous object that I view.
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battel calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn ;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return :
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay aboard :
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
 Adieu, she cries ; and wav'd her lilly hand.



H O R A C E



H O R A C E Ode IX. Book III.

Imitated to the tune of Colin's complaint.

O NE evening the loveliest pair
That ever frequented the plain,
Bright *Lydia* th' all-conquering fair,
And *Damon* the beautiful swain,
Sat down in a jessamin grove,
Where a murmuring rivulet stray'd,
When *Damon* to kindle old love,
Thus softly reproached the maid.

D A M O N.

O *Lydia*, whilst I was that he
That only was blest with your charms,
And you ne'er a shepherd but me
Clasp'd it that soft circle your arms;
Then thy *Damon* all cheerful did sing,
And his happiness yielding to none,
Despis'd all the pomp of a king,
And slighted a glittering throne.

L Y D I A.

LYDIA.

False *Damon*, the virgin reply'd,
 Whilst you true and constant did prove,
 Consuming whole days by my side,
 In sighing and talking of love :
 Whilst *Phillis*'s beauty did yield
 To mine in your delicate eye ;
 Then I was the pride of the field ;
 No queen was so happy as I.

DAMON.

Ah ! name not that beautiful dame,
 She hath perfectly ravish'd my heart ;
 Her charms set me all in a flame,
 Which she fans with her musical art :
 For one touch of that pow'rful breath,
 Wounds an heart, as it pierces an ear ;
 For her I wou'd freely meet death,
 Wou'd the powers my goddess but spare.

LYDIA.

Alexis the bloomingest youth,
 That treads on the flowery plains,
 With innocent arts and pure faith,
 My heart not unwilling detains :
 Still burning with mutual desire,
 Unbroken delights we enjoy,
 Far oftner than once I'd expire,
 To save the adoreable boy.

DAMON.

DAMON.

But now if my heart should return
To the duty it owes thee again,
Leave *Phillis* to sorrow and mourn,
A conquest she cou'd not maintain :
If humbly thy pardon he'll crave,
And sigh when he thinks of the time
He slighted thy love, wilt thou leave
Thy *Damon* to die for his crime ?

LYDIA.

Ah no ! tho' *Alexis* the fair
His charms, like a planet, displays,
And thou art inconstant as air,
And wrathful as bellowing seas;
Yet with thee a long series of years,
Like a minute of joy I'd consume,
And at death, not lament thee with tears,
But lay my self down in thy tomb.

This said, she sunk into his arms,
And all in an extacy lay ;
Then surrender'd a treasure of charms,
While she blush'd like the goddess of *May*.
The birds, from the branches above,
Beheld, and pursu'd the like blifs,
With melody fill'd the whole grove,
And chatt'red at ev'ry kiss.



CHLORIS.



CHLORIS farewell; I now must go :
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought ;
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought ;

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
A servant to another's will ;
Yet for thy love I'd forfeit both,
Cou'd I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take ?
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault,
That thou didst thus inconstant prove,
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No,

No, *Chloris*, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.



CORINNA cost me many a pray'r,
E'er I her heart could gain ;
But she ten thousand more should hear,
To take that heart again.

Despair I thought the greatest curse,
But to my cost I find,
Corinna's constancy still worse,
Most cruel when too kind.

How blindly then does *Cupid* carve ?
How ill divide the joy ?
Who does at first his lovers starve,
And then with plenty cloy.



WHAT!



WHAT! put off with one denial?
 And not make a second trial?
 You might see my eyes consenting,
 All about me was relenting:
 Women, oblig'd to dwell in forms,
 Forgive the youth who boldly storms.

Lovers, when you sigh and languish;
 When you tell us of your anguish;
 To the nymph you'll be more pleasing,
 When those sorrows you are easing;
 We love to try how far men dare,
 And never with the foe shou'd spare.



COME tell me no more of love,
 'Tis a trifle made to decoy us:
 There's nothing that comes from above,
 That e'er was design'd to annoy us:
 But love do's intrude on our rest,
 And still does disturb our sweet peace;
 Then prithee love fly from my breast,
 And give me a happy release.

Let none of your magick surprize
My heart and its freedom enslave :
'Tis a folly to link with our eyes
Those fetters that nature ne'er gave :
'Tis but to be scornful and coy,
And women they quickly will woo us ;
Our fondness our fortunes destroy,
And loving too much does undo us.



ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone :
Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not ;
How can it then be mine ?
The present moment's all my lot ;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows ;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heav'n allows.





C E L I A, hence with affectation,
 Hence with all this careless air ;
 Hypocrisy is out of fashion,
 With the witty and the fair.

Nature all thy arts discloses,
 While the pleasures she supplies
 Paint thy glowing cheeks with roses,
 And inflame thy sparkling eyes.

Foolish *Celia* not to know
 Love thy int'rest and thy duty,
 Thou to love alone do'st owe
 All thy joy and all thy beauty.

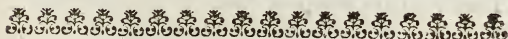
Mark the tuneful feather'd kind
 At the coming of the spring ;
 All in happy pairs are join'd,
 And because they love they sing.





LADIES, tho' to your conqu'ring eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you,
With which he does the world subdue :
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire, nor the griefs, of love.

Then wrack not lovers with disdain,
Lest *Love* on you revenge their pain ;
You are not free because y'are fair ;
The boy did not his mother spare.
Beauty's but an offensive dart ;
It is no armour for the heart.



LOVE, (alas!) where do'st thou rest,
In *Cloe's* looks, or in my breast ?
When I see thee gayly shine,
Thou'rt wholly in that face divine ;
When I feel thee burn and smart,
I'm sure thou'rt got into my heart :
Prithee *Love*, if thou would'st shew
What wonders thou on us can'st do :
Change me now and then thy place,
Burn in her breast, shine in my face.



TELL me, *Aurelia*, tell me, pray,
 How long must *Damon* sue ;
 Prefix the time, and I'll obey,
 With patience wait the happy day
 That makes me sure of you.

The sails of *Time* my sighs shall blow,
 And make the minutes glide ;
 My tears shall make the current flow,
 And swell the hast'ning tide.

The wings of *Love* shall fly so fast,
 My hopes mount so sublime ;
 The wings of *Love* shall make more haste'
 Then the swift *Wings* of *Time*.



CUPID, instruct an am'rous swain
 Some way to tell the nymph his pain,
 To common youths unknown :
 To talk of sighs, of flames, of darts,
 Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,
 Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell? (the god reply'd)
That love, the shepherd cannot hide
The nymph will quickly find :
When *Phæbus* does his beams display,
To tell men gravely that 'tis day,
Is to suppose them blind.



He. **T**ELL me why, my charming fair,
Tell me why you thus deny me ?
Can despair,
Or these sighs or looks of care,
Make *Corinna* ever fly me ?
Tell me, tell me, cruel fair,
Tell me why you thus deny me.

She. Oh *Mirtillo* ! you're above me ;
I respect, but dare not love ye.
The nymph who hears, inclines to sin ;
Who parlies, half gives up the town ;
And ravenous love soon enters in,
When once the out-work's beaten down ;
Then my sighs and tears won't move ye ;
No, *Mirtillo*, you're above me ;
I respect, but dare not love ye.

He. Could this lovely charming maid,
 Think *Mirtillo* wou'd deceive her ?
 Cou'd *Corinna* be afraid
 She by him shou'd be betray'd ?
 No, too well, too well I love her,
 Therefore cannot be above her.
 Then let love with love be paid,
 Ah ! my life, my all I give her,
 Let me now, oh now receive her !

She. Ah ! how gladly we believe,
 When the heart is too, too willing :
 Can that look, that face deceive ?
 Can he take delight in killing ?
 Ah ! I die, if you deceive me !
 Yet I will, I will believe ye.



Do not ask me charming *Phillis*,
 Why I lead you here alone,
 By this bank of pinks and lillies,
 And of roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty
 Of those flow'rs that crown the spring ;
 'Tis to----but I know my duty,
 And dare never name the thing.

'Tis, at worst, but her denying,
Why should I thus fearful be ?
Every minute, gently flying,
Smiles, and says, make use of me :

What the sun do's to those roses,
While the beams play sweetly in
I would---but my fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die, if I conceal it ;
Ask my eyes, or ask your own,
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lillies,
Might I speak what I would do ;
I wou'd with my lovely *Phillis*,
I wou'd ; I wou'd ; I wou'd— ah ! wou'd you :





As he lay in the plain, his arm under his head,
 And his flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* said,
 If love's a sweet passion, why doth it torment ?
 If a bitter (said he) whence are lovers content ?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why shou'd I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in vain ?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.
 To my self I sigh often, without knowing why ;
 And when absent from *Phillis*, methinks I cou'd die :
 But oh ! what a pleasure still follows my pain,
 When kind fortune do's help me to see her again.
 In her eyes (the bright stars that foretel what's to come)
 By soft stealth, now and then, I examine my doom.
 I press her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known.
 But oh ! how I'm blest, when so kind she do's prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love.
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.





AH! whither, whither shall I fly,
A poor unhappy maid;
To hopeless love and misery
By my own heart betray'd?
Not by *Alexis*' eyes undone,
Nor by his charming faithless tongue,
Or any practis'd art;
Such real ills may hope a cure,
But the sad pains which I endure
Proceed from fancied smart.

'Twas fancy gave *Alexis* charms,
E'er I beheld his face:
Kind fancy then could fold our arms,
And form a soft embrace.
But since I've seen the real swain,
And try'd to fancy him again,
I'm by my fancy taught,
Tho' 'tis a bliss, no tongue can tell,
To have *Alexis*, yet 'tis hell
To have him but in thought.





WH Y will *Florella*, when I gaze
My ravish'd eyes reprove,
And chide 'em from the only face
They can behold with love ?

To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind ;
And, while I range from fair to fair,
Still gentle usage find.

But oh ! how faint is ev'ry joy
Where nature has no part :
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, as they roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where ;
Yet languish for their native home,
Tho' death attends 'em there.





LONG betwixt love and fear, *Phillis* tormented,
Shun'd her own wish, yet at last she consented:
But loath that day shou'd her blushes discover,
Come gentle night, she said,
Come quickly to my aid,
And a poor shamefac'd maid
Hide from her lover.

Now cold as ice I am, now hot as fire,
I dare not tell my self my own desire;
But let day fly away, and let night haste her:
Grant ye kind powers above,
Slow hours to parting love;
But when to bliss we move,
Bid 'em fly faster.

How sweet it is to love, when I discover
That fire which burns my heart, warming my lover;
'Tis pity love so true shou'd be mistaken:
But if this night he be
False or unkind to me,
Let me die, e'er I see
That I'm forsaken.





LA TE when love I seem'd to slight,
Phillis smil'd, as well she might.

Now, said she, our throne may tremble,
 Men our province now invade,
 Men take up our royal trade :

Men, even men, do now dissemble ;
 In the dust our empire's laid.

Tutor'd by the wise and grave,
 Loath was I to be a slave :

Mistress founded arbitrary ;
 So I chose to hide my flame,
 Friendship, a discreeter name :

But she scorns one jot to vary,
 She will love, or nothing claim.

Be a lover, or pretend,
 Rather than the warmest friend :

Friendship of another kind is,

Swedish coin of gross alloy,

A cart-load will scarce defray ;

Love, one grain is worth the *Indies*,

Only love is current pay.





He. **H**ow unhappy a lover am I,
While I sigh for my *Phillis* in vain,
All my hopes of delight
Are another man's right,
Who is happy while I am in pain.

She. Since her honour allows no relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear,
'Tis the best of your fate
(In a hopeless estate)
To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

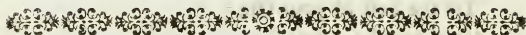
He. I have try'd the false med'cine in vain,
For I wish what I hope not to win:
From without, my desire
Has no food to its fire,
But it burns and consumes me within.

She. Yet, at least, 'tis a pleasure to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the nymph you adore
Is as wretched or more,
And counts all your sufferings her own.

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He. O ye gods, let me suffer for both ;
 At the feet of my *Phillis* I'll lie :
 I'll resign up my breath,
 And take pleasure in death,
 To be pity'd by her when I die.

She. What her honour deny'd you in life,
 In her death she will give to your love ;
 Such a flame as is true
 After fate will renew,
 For the souls to meet closer above.



No more will I my passion hide,
 Tho' too presuming it appear ;
 When long despair a heart has try'd,
 What other torment can it fear ?
 Unlov'd of her I wou'd not live,
 Nor die till she the sentence give.

Why shou'd the fair offended be,
 If virtue charm in beauty's dress :
 If where so much divine I see,
 My open vows the saint confess ?
 Awak'd by wonders in her eyes,
 My former idols I despise.





WHEN, *Celia*, must my old days set,
And my young morning rise,
In beams of joy, so bright, as yet
Ne'er blest a lover's eyes ?
My state is more advanc'd than when
I first attempted thee ;
I su'd to be a servant then,
But now to be made free.

I've serv'd my time faithful and true,
Expecting to be plac'd
In happy freedom, as my due,
To all the joys thou hast :
Ill husbandry in love is such
A scandal to love's power,
We ought not to mispend so much
As one poor short-liv'd hour.

Yet think not, sweet, I'm weary grown,
That I pretend such haste,
Since none to surfeit e'er was known,
Before he had a taste ;
My infant love cou'd humbly wait,
When young it scarce knew how
To plead ; but, grown to man's estate,
He is impatient now.





A^H, how sweet it is to love,
Ah, how gay is young desire !
And what pleasing pains we prove,
When we first approach love's fire !
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart :
Ev'n the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with rev'rence use,
Treat 'em like a parting friend :
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send :
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in ev'ry youthful vein :
But each tide does less supply,
'Till they quite shrink in again :
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.



My heart by *Lidia* long possess'd ;
She reign'd sole mistress of my breast ;
From *Celia* then came hot alarms ;
The witty *Celia* play'd her charms :

So I lay doubtful and divided.
Yet how they harass'd me the while ?
And made unconscionable spoil,

Before the point was well decided,
Which of them had undone me most,
To whether of them I was lost.

Now *Cloe* comes to claim a share,
An enemy so fresh and fair ;
Who reckons, tho' my heart be cleft,
For her was still one corner left.

Heavens! what shou'd now be my behaviour ?
First, I wou'd have the dice so thrown,
That I might still remain my own ;
But if this seem too high a favour,
Piece me not out to several,
The kindest mistress take me all.





IF love's a sweet passion, why does it torment ?
If a bitter, O tell me, whence comes my content ?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain ?
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.
I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence, I make my love known.
But oh ! how I'm blest'd, when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love ;
When in striving to hide it, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.
How pleasing is beauty ? how sweet are the charms ?
How delightful embraces ? how peaceful her arms ?
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love,
It's taught us on earth, and by all things above ;
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.





CELIA, that I once was blest,
Is now the torment of my breast ;
Since to cure me, you bereave me
Of the pleasure I possess :
Cruel creature to deceive me,
First to love, and then to leave me.

Had you the bliss refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the want ;
But possessing once the blessing,
Is the cause of my complaint.
Once possessing is but tasting,
'Tis no bliss that is not lasting.

Celia now is mine no more,
But I am her's and must adore ;
Nor to leave her will endeavour,
Charms, that captiv'd me before,
No unkindness can dissolve ;
Love, that's true, is love for ever.





YOUNG *Chrysostom* had virtue, sense,
 Renown, and manly grace;
 Yet all, alas! were no defence
 Against *Marcella's* face.

His love, that long had taken root,
 In doubt's cold bed was laid;
 Where she not warming it to shoot,
 The lovely plant decay'd.

Had coy *Marcella* own'd a soul
 Half beauteous as her eyes;
 Her judgment had her scorn controul'd,
 And taught her how to prize.

But providence, that form'd the fair
 In such a charming skin,
 Their outside made their only care,
 And never look'd within.





To this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
Great *Love*, at first sight of *Orinda*'s bright charms :
Made proud and secure, by such forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as soon as you please.

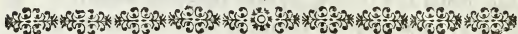
When innocence, beauty, and wit do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire ;
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing hope by base fear be destroy'd ?

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me ?
And wit has to pleasure been ever a friend ;
Then what room for despair, since delight is love's end.

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good-nature and truth :
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleasure complain,
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize ;
But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her eyes :
I beheld with the loss of my freedom before,
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my goddess, her temple too weak :
 Retire, divine image ! I feel my heart break.
 Help, *Love*, I dissolve in a rapture of charms,
 At the thought of those joys I should meet in her arms.



How hardly I conceal'd my tears ?
 How oft did I complain,
 When many tedious days, my fears
 Told me I lov'd in vain ?

But now my joys as wild are grown ;
 And hard to be conceal'd :
 Sorrow may make a silent moan,
 But joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating flocks,
 To every stream and tree,
 And bless the hollow murmuring rocks,
 For ecchoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much joy
 We want, we wish, believe ;
 Tis hard such passion to destroy,
 But easie to deceive.



O coward heart,
Why dost thou act so mean a part?
Why hide and slink away
When *Cloe* does appear,
And with her bring the day?
Why so chill and cold become,
When so bright a fire is near?
Why so hoarse and dumb,
When you my torments should declare?
What is't you dread? the lightning of her eyes?
Alas! he's happy that so dies.



Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free
From love's imperial chain,
Take warning, and be taught by me,
T'avoid th'inchanting pain.
Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
To careless seamen hidden rocks,
To human quiet, love.

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Fly the fair sex, if blifs you prize ;
 The snake's beneath the flow'r :
 Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes,
 That tasted quiet more ?
 How faithless is the lover's joy !
 How constant is their care !
 The kind with falsehood do destroy,
 The cruel with despair.



No, no, 'tis in vain,
 Tho' I sigh and complain,
 Yet the secret I'll never reveal ;
 The rack shall not tare it
 From my breast, but I'll bear it
 To the grave, where it ever shall dwell :
 Oh ! wou'd that the gods had created her low,
 And plac'd thee, poor *Aylas* ! above ;
 Then, then I a present might freely bestow
 Of a heart, that is all over love.

Like the damn'd from the fire
 We may gaze and admire,
 Yet can never hope to be blest ;
 Oh the pangs of a lover,
 That dares not discover
 The poison that's lodg'd in his breast !
 Like a deer that is wounded, I bleeding run on,
 And fain I the torture wou'd hide ;
 But, oh ! 'tis in vain ; for where ever I run
 The bloody dart sticks in my side :

Sung



Sung by a SHEPHERD.

How blest are shepherds, how happy their lasses,
While drums and trumpets are sounding alarms!
Over our lowly sheds all the storm passes;
And when we die, 'tis in each other's arms.
All the day on our herds, and flocks employing;
All the night on our flutes, and in enjoying.

Bright nymphs of *Britain*, with graces attended,
Let not your days without pleasure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when youth is ended,
All men will praise you, but none will desire.
Let not youth fly away without contenting;
Age will come time enough for your repenting.

By a SHEPHERDESS.

Shepherd, shepherd, leave decoying,
Pipes are sweet, a summer's day;
But a little after toying,
Women have the shot to pay.

Here are marriage-vows for signing,
Set their marks that cannot write:
After that, without repining,
Play and welcome, day and night.

CHORUS,

CHORUS.

Come, shepherds, lead up a lively measure;
 The cares of wedlock, are cares of pleasure;
 But whether marriage brings joy, or sorrow,
 Make sure of this day, and hang to-morrow.



WE all to conqu'ring beauty bow,
 It's pleasing powers admire;
 But I ne'er saw that face till now,
 That like your's could inspire;
 Now I may say I've met with one
 Amazes all mankind;
 And like men gazing on the sun,
 With too much light am blind.
 Soft as the tender moving sighs
 When longing lovers meet;
 Like the divining prophets wife,
 And like blown roses sweet;
 Majestick, gay, reserv'd, yet free,
 Each happy night a bride;
 A mein like awful majesty,
 And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch to gain a wife,
 Chaste, beautiful and young,
 Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
 And never thought it long:
 If beauty would award such care,
 And life so long could stay,
 Not fourteen, but four hundred year
 Would seem but as one day.



I ANTHE the lovely, the joy of her swain,
 By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again;
 She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,
 Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care;
 No time, no enjoyment, their dotage withdrew,
 But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
 Still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,
 Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the swain:
 Some swore 'twould be pity their loves to invade,
 That the lovers alone for each other were made;
 But all, all consented that none ever knew
 A nymph yet so kind, a nymph yet so kind,
 Or a shepherd so true.

Love saw 'em with pleasure, and vow'd to take care
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair;
 What either did want, he bid either to move;
 But they wanted nothing, but ever to love;
 Said 'twas all that to bless 'em his godhead could do,
 That they still might be kind, that they still might be
 And they still might be true. (kind,





SINCE, fair *Aurelia*, you alone
Have gain'd an empire o'er my heart ;
A heart, that us'd to be so prone
To change, defying *Cupid's* dart.

What compensation will you make
For giving me love's restless pains ?
Am I so mad, that you thus take
Such care to rivet me in chains.

Your shape, your mein, and snowy arms,
Display their beauties to my cost :
Believe me, you had need have charms
To recompense my freedom lost.

Yet shapes sure I have seen elsewhere,
That some comparison may hold ;
And arms by nature turn'd as rare,
And form'd of full as white a mould.

But for the mien, where thousand airs
In graceful easy motions rise :
Where *Venus* in each smile appears,
And *Juno's* grandeur in your eyes.

There

There lies the magick spell, whose charms
Doth all my boasted strength o'erthrow;
In vain, alas ! I would alarm
My baffled sense to ward the blow.

At ev'ry turn we meet a grace,
In ev'ry glance a beam so bright,
In you no mortal form we trace,
But think of worship at your sight.

Thus arm'd, you want no charms to bind
The most unfix'd and ranging soul ;
Such native charms in you we find,
As all our loose efforts controul.

But when you add to this fair heap
Agreeing humour, sprightly wit,
You monarchs for your slaves might keep,
Whilst they would triumph to submit.





FAIREST isles all isles excelling,
 Seat of pleasures, and of loves ;
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
 And forsake her *Cyprian* groves.

Cupid, from his fav'rite nation,
 Care and envy will remove ;
 Jealousie, that poisons passion,
 And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
 Sighs that blow the fire of love ;
 Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
 Shall be all the pains you prove.

Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
 Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove ;
 And as these excel in beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for love.





As wretched, vain, and indiscreet,
Those matches I deplore,
Whose bart'ring friends in counsel meet,
To huddle in a wedding sheet
Some miserable pair that never met before.

Poor love of no account must be,
Tho' ne'er so fix'd and true;
No merit but in gold they see,
So portion and estate agree,
No matter what the bride and bridegroom do.

Curst may all covetous husbands be,
That wed with such design;
And curst they are! for while they ply
Their wealth, some lover by the by
Reaps the true bliss, and digs the richer mine.



Go, thou perpetual whining lover,
For shame leave off this humble trade,
'Tis more than time thou gav'st it over,
For sighs and tears will never move her,
By them more obstinate she's made,
And thou by love, fond, constant love betray'd.

The more, vain fop, thou su'st unto her,
 The more she does torment thee still,
 Is more perverse the more you woo her,
 When thou art humblest, lays thee lower;
 And when, most prostrate to her will,
 Thou meanly begg'st for life, does basely kill.

By heaven 'tis against all nature,
 Honour and manhood, wit and sense,
 To let a little female creature
 Rule on the poor account of feature;
 And thy unmanly patience
 Monstrous and shameful as her insolence.

Thou may'st find forty will be kinder,
 Or more compassionate at least,
 If one will serve, two hours will find her,
 And half this 'doe for ever bind her
 As firm and true as thy own breast,
 On love and vertue's double interest.

But if thou can'st not live without her,
 This only she, when it comes to't,
 And she relent not (as I doubt her)
 Never make more adoe about her,
 To sigh and whimper is no boot;
 Go hang thyself, and that will do't.



ABSENT from thee, I languish still ;
Then ask me not, when I return ?
The straying fool 'twill plainly kill,
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastick mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

When, weary'd with a world of woe,
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth does flow,
May I contented there expire.

Left once more wand'ring from that heav'n,
I fall on some base heart unblest ;
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.





IN *Cloris* all soft charms agree,
 Enchanting humour, pow'rful wit ;
 Beauty from affectation free,
 And for eternal empire fit.
 Where'er she goes, love waits her eyes,
 The women envy, men adore ;
 But did she less the triumph prize,
 She wou'd deserve the conquest more.

The pomp of love so much prevails,
 She begs, what none else wou'd deny her,
 Makes such advances with her eyes,
 The hopes she gives prevents desire ;
 Catches at ev'ry trifling heart,
 Seems warm with ev'ry glimm'ring flame,
 The common prey so deads the dart,
 It scarce can pierce a noble game.

I cou'd lie ages at her feet,
 Adore her, careless of my pain,
 With tender vows her rigours meet,
 Despair, love on, and not complain.
 My passion from all change secure,
 No favours raise, no frown controuls,
 I any torment can endure,
 But hoping with a crowd of fools.





'T WAS in this shade,
While the winds play'd,
And the birds warbled under each bough;
While fountains flow
Murm'ring below;
In my arms *Phillis* utter'd this vow.

Swain when I prove
False to thy love,
All the wing'd nation no more shall sing;
No leaf shall shoot,
Winds shall be mute,
And not a murmur heard in the spring.

Thus did she swear;
Pleas'd did I hear;
But words of women, when they are kind,
Shou'd last for ever,
Grav'd with a feather,
In the loose leaves, the water, or wind.

Sweet as the rose,
White as the snows,
Like 'em soon faded, sullied, is woman;
Fair like the moon,
Changing as soon;
Bright as the sun, and as the sun common.

Like

Like the frail flow'r,
 (Child of an hour)
 Such are her beauties, such are our blisses;
 Opening when blooming,
 Gayly consuming,
 Ev'ry bee sucks 'em, ev'ry wind kisses!



SOME say I for *Olinda* die,
 My breast so violent passion warms;
 Most think my hour is scarce so nigh;
 But, ah, these little know her charms!

My heart all witty fair ones sway,
 And to sad difficulty bring;
 Yet none so cruel quite to slay
 The harmless, poor, good-natur'd thing.

My heart is love's mere tennis-ball,
 Here tofs'd, there bandy'd up and down;
 But in good hands if once it fall,
 'Tis lodg'd, 'tis then for ever gone.





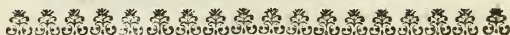
BENEATH a myrtle shade,
Which love for none but happy lovers made,
I slept; and straight my love before me brought
Phillis, the object of my waking thought :
Undress'd she came my flames to meet,
While love strow'd flow'rs beneath her feet ;
Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became more sweet.

From the bright vision's head
A careless veil of lawn was loosely spread :
From her white temples fell her shaded hair,
Like cloudy sun-shine, not too brown nor fair ;
Her hands, her lips did love inspire,
Her ev'ry grace my heart did fire :
But most her eyes, which languish'd with desire.

Ah, charming fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss, and your's, deny ?
By nature and by love, this lonely shade
Was for revenge of suff'ring lovers made.
Silence and shades with love agree :
Both shelter you and favour me ;
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.

No, let me die, she said,
 Rather than lose the spotless name of maid.
 Faintly, methought, she spoke ; for all the while
 She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
 Then die, said I : She still deny'd ;
 And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,
 You use a harmless maid ; and so she dy'd !

I wak'd, and straight I knew
 I lov'd so well, it made my dream prove true :
 Fancy, the kinder mistress of the two,
 Fancy had done what *Phyllis* wou'd not do !
 Ah, cruel nymph, cease your disdain,
 While I can dream, you scorn in vain !
 Asleep, or waking, you must ease my pain.



THE budding rose
 That smiles on *Phœbus*' dawning rays,
 Then blushing glows,
 And her fair bosom wide displays ;
 Then on the ground
 Scatters her fading honours round ;
 Shou'd teach coy *Silvia* this great truth,
 That she shou'd make her best of youth.
 But the disdainful she no more
 Is at this emblem mov'd, than at our plaints before.



W H E N



W H E N all was wrapt in dark mid-night,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided *Marg'ret's* grimly ghost,
And stood at *William's* feet.

Her face was like the *April* morn,
Clad in a wint'ry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lilly-hand,
That held the sable throwd.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake, she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her mid-night grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

Q

This

This is the mirk and fearful hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

How could you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witlefs maid !
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
These lips no longer red ;
Dark are mine eyes now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding-sheet I wear,
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence :
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
And shew her glist'ring head ;
Pale *William* shook in ev'ry limb,
Then raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where *Marg'ret's* bodyl ay,
And stretcht him on the green grass turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret's* name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spake never more.





HE's a phlegmatick lover,
 In whom we discover
 A temper that never doth change;
 A breast that's like mine, with jealousy burns,
 Now love and now anger possess it by turns;
 With fears I grow wild, and with hopes I grow tame
 That passion is weak that is always the same.

But the sanguine brisk lover
 Can never discover
 How the soul of a woman's inclin'd;
 He knows that her charms have yet conquer'd more;
 That many there are who sigh and adore:
 He trusts not to merit to give him success,
 For women love only by fancy and guess:
 Or if to desert by great chance they prove kind,
 The fair still are fickle, and oft change their mind.

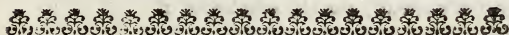
Oh, the starts of a lover,
 Do plainly discover
 The passion he feels in extream;
 For he that loves well, and does not possess,
 Must either be jealous, or else love you less:
 Then say not my fears or my doubts do you wrong,
 He cannot be quiet whose passion is strong:
 Small fires do but glow, and are always the same,
 But the greater will rage, and scatter the flame.

STAY



S TAY, *Phæbus*, stay,
The world to which you fly so fast,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haste
With no such object, and salute your rise
With no such wonder as *de Mornay's* eyes.

Well does this prove
The error of those antique books,
Which made you move
About the world ; her charming looks
Wou'd fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling earth snatch her away.



My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me :
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander ;
That my jealous heart wou'd break,
Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can warm with kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
 But my jealous heart wou'd break,
 Shou'd we live one day afunder.



F A I N wou'd I, *Chloris*, e'er I die,
 Bequeath you such a legacy,
 That you might say, when I am gone,
 None hath the like : my heart alone
 Were the best gift I cou'd bestow,
 But that's already your's, you know :
 So that till you my heart resign,
 Or fill with your's the place of mine,
 And by that grace my store renew,
 I shall have nought worth giving you ;
 Whose breast has all the wealth I have,
 Save a faint carcass and a grave.
 But had I as many hearts as hairs,
 As many lives as love has fears,
 As many lives as years have hours,
 They shou'd be all and only your's.





W H Y shou'd a foolish marriage vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now

When passion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd as long as we cou'd,
'Till our love was lov'd out of us both:
But our marriage is dead, when the pleasures are fled,
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
And farther love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?

'Tis a madness that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I shou'd bar him of another:
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.





WINDS whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
 And fan her with your cooling wings:
 Whilst *Laura* drops of beauty weeps,
 From pure, and yet unrival'd springs.

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
 To kiss her lip, and cheek be bold;
 But with a calm, and stealing pace,
 Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
 With such a gale as wings soft love,
 And with so sweet, so rich an air,
 As breaths from the *Arabian* grove.

A breath as hush'd as lovers sigh,
 Or that unfolds the morning door;
 Sweet, as the winds, that gently fly,
 To sweep the springs enamell'd floor.

Murmur soft musick to her dreams,
 That pure, and unpolluted run,
 Like to the new-born chrystal streams,
 Under the bright enamour'd sun.

But when she waking shall display
 Her light, retire within your bar;
 Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
 And all mankind her creatures are.

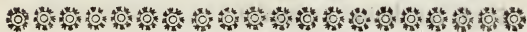
PHILLIS



PHILLIS the young, the fair, the gay !
 The youth that fain wou'd spoil ye ;
 Gives you at once the bloom of *May*,
 And riper blush of *July*.

Whilst thus the soothing rogue prepares
 His *Phillis* for his pleasures ;
 Learn, fair one, hence t'escape his snares,
 And save your fairest treasures.

“ The blossoms by too hot a taint,
 “ Soon drop and fall neglected ;
 “ And fruit that has a maggot in't,
 “ However fair, 's rejected.



YE little *Loves* that round her wait,
 To bring me tydings of my fate ;
 As *Celia* on her pillow lies,
 Ah, gently whisper, *Strephon* dies.

If this will not her pity move,
 And the proud fair disdains to love ;
 Smile, and say, 'tis all a lie,
 And haughty *Strephon* scorns to die.



Why



WHILST I gaze on *Cloe* trembling,
 Straight her eyes my fate declare ;
 When she smiles, I fear dissembling,
 When she frowns, I then despair :
 Jealous of some rival lover,
 If a wand'ring look she gives ;
 Fain I wou'd resolve to leave her
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why shou'd I conceal my passion,
 Or the torments I endure ;
 I will disclose my inclination ;
 Awful distance yields no cure :
 Sure it is not in her nature
 To be cruel to her slave,
 She is too divine a creature,
 To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat,
 Never flies up to a passion ;
 Love's a torment if too great :
 When the storm is once blown over,
 Soon the ocean quiet grows ;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.





He. **S**INCE times are so bad, I must tell thee,
(sweetheart,

I'm thinking to leave off my plow and my cart,
And to the fair city a journey I'll go,
To better my fortune, as other folks do ;
Since some have from ditches and coarse leather
(breeches

Been rais'd to be rulers, and wallow'd in riches.
Prithee come, come, come, come from thy wheel;
For if the gypsies don't lie,
I shall be a governour too e'er I die.

She. Ah, *Collin*, by all thy late doings I find,
With sorrow and trouble, the pride of thy mind ;
Our sheep now at random disorderly run,
And now *Sunday's* jacket goes every day on ;
Ah, what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost
(thou mean ?

He. To make my shoes clean, (queen ;
And foot it to the court, to the king and the
Where shewing my parts, I preferment shall gain.

She. Fie ! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin :
For as to the court, when thou happ'nest to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou can'st
buy ;
For money's the devil, the devil and all's to be
(found ;
But no good parts minded, without the good
(pound.

He. Why

180 *A Collection of Songs, &c.*

He. Why then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,
Hunt honour that now adays plaguily charms.

She. And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow,
And curse thy self after for leaving the plow.

He. Suppose I turn gamester. *She.* So cheat and be
(bang'd.

He. What think'st of the road then? *She.* The highway
to be hang'd.

He. Nice pimping however yields profit for life;
I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

She. That's dangerous too amongst the town crew,
For some of 'em will do the same thing by you,
And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in;
Faith *Collin*, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

He. Will nothing prefer me; what think'st of the law?

She. Oh, while you live, *Collin*, keep out of that paw.

He. I'll cant, and I'll pray. *She.* Ah, there's nought got
(that way,

There's no one minds now what those black cat-
(tle say;

Let all our whole care, be our farming affair,

He. To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

She. Ambition's a trade no contentment can show,
So I'll to my distaff,

He. And I to my plough.

Both. Let all our whole care, be our farming affair,

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees
(bear.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show;

She. So I'll to my distaff,

He. And I'll to my plough.

A S K



Ask me no more where *Jove* bestows,
When *June* is past, the fading rose :
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flow'rs as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day :
For in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair,

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when *May* is past :
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night :
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if *East* or *West*,
The phoenix builds her spicy nest :
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.





The Tipling PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES, furly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* youth ;
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there is truth :
 But growing as poor as a *Job*,
 Unable to purchase a flask ;
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
 A bumper to comfort his heart ;
 And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart :
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at men's folly and vice,
 'Twas only his custom to drink,
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad,
 To tipple and cherish his soul,
 Wou'd laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing bowl :
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff ;
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Wife *Solon*, who carefully gave
Good laws unto *Athens* of old,
And thought the rich *Craſus* a ſlave,
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold:
He delighted in plentiful bowls,
But drinking, much talk wou'd decline;
Because 'twas the cuſtom of fools,
To prattle much over their wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content
'Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted ſo wiſe:
Late hours he certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life;
Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
Such a damnable ſcold of a wife.

Theophraſtus, that eloquent ſage,
By *Athens* ſo greatly ador'd;
With the bottle would boldly engage,
When mellow was brisk as a bird,
Would chat, tell a ſtory, and jeſt,
Moſt pleaſantly over a glaſs;
And thought a dumb gueſt at a feaſt,
But a dull philoſophical aſs.

Old *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd, the bully of *Rome*;
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
 Which he drank like a miser at home :
 And to shew he lov'd wine that was good
 To the last, we may truly aver it,
 He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
 So fancy'd he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin,
 On his pupils, who wisdom wou'd seek,
 Because that he tippled good wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak ;
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine ;
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the better to shine :
 With wine he'd replenish his veins,
 And make his philosophy reel ;
 Then fancied the world like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel !

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine ;
And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine :
His belly, most writers agree,
Was as big as a watering trough ;
He therefore leap'd into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
Who fondly to wisdom was prone ;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known :
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings ;
Without it we ne'er should have had,
Philosophers, poets, or kings.



YE virgin pow'rs, defend my heart
From am'rous looks and smiles,
From saucy love, or nicer art,
Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs and vows, from awful fears,
That do to pity move ;
From speaking silence, and from tears,
Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,
 Let honour be my guide ;
 And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a guard of pride.
 An heart whose flames are seen, tho' pure,
 Needs ev'ry virtue's aid ;
 And she who thinks her self secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.



WITH fighting and wishing, and green-sickness diet,
 With nothing of pleasure, and little of quiet ;
 With a granum's inspection, and doctor's direction,
 But not the specifick that suits my complexion :
 The flow'r of my age is full blown in my face,
 Yet no man considers my comfortless case.

Young women were valued, as I have been told,
 In the late times of peace, above mountains of gold ;
 But now there is fighting, we are nothing but slighting,
 Few gallants in conjugal matters delighting :
 'Tis a shame that mankind, shou'd love killing and
 (slaying,
 And mind not supplying the stock that's decaying.

Unlucky *Clarinda*, to love in a season,
When *Mars* has forgotten to do *Venus* reason;
Had I any hand in rule and command,
I'd certainly make it a law of the land:
That killers of men, to replenish the store,
Be bound to the wedlock, and made to get more.

Enacted moreover, for better dispatch,
That where a good captain meets with an o'er-match;
His honest lieutenant, with soldier-like grace,
Shall relieve him on duty, and serve in his place:
Thus killers and slayers of able good men,
Without beat of drum may recruit 'em again.



My eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
My bosom heaves with constant woe;
Those eyes, which thy unkindness swells,
That bosom, where thy image dwells.

How cou'd I hope so weak a flame
Cou'd ever warm that matchless dame,
When none *Elysium* must behold
Without a radiant bow of gold?
'Tis hers in higher spheres to shine,
At distance to admire, is mine.

Great *Cupid* heard me thus complain,
 He smil'd, and smiling said, fond swain
 Vain are thy tears, thy sighs are in vain.
 Love is a warfare, and there are
 Heroes in love, as well as war :
 Sent from a daring hand my dart
 Strikes deep into the fair one's heart.
 And tho' gay youth, and every grace,
 Tho' beauty triumph in her face :
 Yet goddesses have deign'd to wed,
 And take a mortal to their bed.

Mark ! how this marigold conceals
 Her beauty and her bosom veils,
 How from the dull embrace she flies
 Of *Phæbus*, when his beams first rise,
 And faintly warm the blushing skies !
 But when his glory he displays,
 And darts around his fiercer rays,
 Her charms she opens and receives
 The vigorous god into her leaves.





TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd;
Wide o'er the rowling billows,
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didst thou, ventrous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas.
Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest.
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast.

The merchant, robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Shou'd you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain,
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain :
 No eyes those rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the made to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear :
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corps she spy'd ;
 Then like a lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her head and dy'd.



Their



WHEN bright *Aurelia* tripp'd the plain,
How joyful then were seen,
The looks of every jolly swain,
Who strove *Aurelia*'s heart to gain
With gambols on the green.

Their sports were innocent and gay,
Mixt with a manly air,
They ran, they danc'd, did sing and play
Each strove to please, a diff'rent way,
This charming lovely fair.

Th' ambitious strife she'd still admire,
And equally approve,
'Till *Phaon*'s tuneful voice and lyre
With softest musick did inspire
Her soul to gen'rous love.

Their wonted sports the rest decline;
Their arts are all in vain,
The nymph is constant as divine,
The more they envy and repine,
The more she loves her swain.





E'ER I thy charming visage saw,
 Each lesser beauty gave me law;
 This with her sweetness, that her pride,
 And I for either cou'd have dy'd;
 But when I first your eyes did view,
 Strait to my heart their light'ning flew,
 Depos'd 'em all and set up you:
 Before the magick of your air,
 So fine your shape! your face so fair!
 Their fainter charms did disappear,
 And were no longer what they were.

So of the Stars that gild the sky,
 They've rev'rence paid from ev'ry eye;
 Not one but claims our lasting praise,
 Not one but shou'd our wonder raise,
 Not one but what's all heav'nly bright,
 A constant shining globe of light,
 Able alone to rule the night.

Yet, tho' so bright and glorious, they
 All in a moment's time decay,
 Grow dim, and seem to die away,
 When once *Aurora* opens day,





WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner ?
Prithee why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prithee why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The devil take her.



BOASTING fops, who court the fair,
For the fame of being lov'd ;
You who daily prating are,
Of the hearts your charms have mov'd :
Still be vain in talk and dress,
But while shadows you pursue ;
Own that some who boast it less,
May be blest as much as you,

S

Love

Love and birding are ally'd,
 Baits and nets alike they have ;
 The same arts in both are try'd,
 The unwary to enslave.
 If in each you'd happy prove,
 Without noise still watch your way ;
 For in birding and in love,
 While we talk it flies away.



THE merry waves dance up and down, and play,
 Sport is granted to the sea.
 Birds are the choristers of the empty air,
 Sport is never wanting there.
 The ground doth smile at the spring's flow'ry birth,
 Sport is granted to the earth.
 The fire its chearing flame on high doth rear,
 Sport is never wanting there.
 If all the elements, the earth, the sea,
 Air and fire so merry be ;
 Why is man's mirth so seldom, and so small,
 Who is compounded of them all ?





FROM wars and plagues come no such harms,
As from a nymph so full of charms ;
So much sweetness in her face,
In her motion such a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies,
That we please ourselves too soon,
And are with vain hopes undone !

After all her softness, we
Are but Slaves, while she is free :
Free, alas, from all desire,
Except to set the world on fire.

Thou, fair dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thyself as well as us ;
Like ambitious monarchs, thou
Woud'st rather force mankind to bow,
And venture o'er the world to roam,
Than govern with content at home :
But trust me, *Celia*, trust me when
Apollo's self inspires my pen,
One hour of love's delights out-weighs
Whole years of universal praise,
And one adorer kindly us'd,
Is of more use, than crowds refus'd.

For what does youth and beauty serve ?
 Why more than all your sex deserve ?
 Why such soft alluring arts
 To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts ?
 By our loss, you nothing gain ;
 Unless you love, you please in vain.

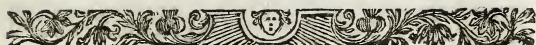


KIND opportunity's a friend
 To lovers, tho' time is a foe ;
 The first is like a mistress kind,
 If that you do not let her go ;
 But time, that thief, away will take again,
 What t'other for thee did in haste obtain.

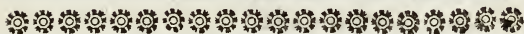
Then trust not faithless time, my dear,
 With beauty, love, or happiness ;
 Since time is a discoverer,
 He never to be trusted is ;
 Time (whilst you have it then) be sure improve,
 And never trust a run-away with love :

Time, like all other trustees, is
 A cheat, tho' a fair promiser ;
 Both danger then and folly 'tis
 To trust our love, or life (my dear)
 With that old cheat ; who love, or faith repays
 But with, our disappointments, his delays,



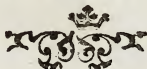


WILD and frantick is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy striving,
Heav'n in pity send relief!
The pangs of love,
Ye powers, remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and despair
What heart can bear?
Ease my soul, or strike me dead!



QUICKLY, *Delia*, learn my passion,
Lose not pleasure, to be proud;
Courtship draws on observation,
And the whispers of the croud.

Soon or late you'll hear a lover,
Nor by time his truth can prove;
Ages won't a heart discover,
Trust, and so secure my love.





C O M E, *Celia*, let's agree, at last,
To love, and live in quiet :
Let's tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.
Love's dearest joys they never prove,
Who free from quarrels live ;
'Tis sure the tend'rest part of love
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest ;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas ! I lov'd you best.
Say but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate ;
Ah ! to be grateful, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.





I'M not one of your fops, who, to please a coy lass,
 Can lie whining and pining, and look like an ass :
 Life is dull without love, and not worth the possessing ;
 But fools make a curse, what was meant for a blessing.
 While his godship's not rude, I'll allow him my breast,
 But, by *Jove*, out he goes, should he once break my
 I can toy with a girl for an hour, to allay (rest.
 The fluster of youth, or the ferment of *May* ;
 But must beg her excuse not to bear pains or anguish,
 For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languish.



SUCH command o'er my fate has your love, or
 your hate,
 That nothing can make me more wretched or great ;
 Thus expiring I lie, to live or to die,
 Thus doubtful the sentence of such I rely :
 Your tongue bids me go, tho' your eyes say not so,
 But much kinder words from their language do flow.

Then leave me not here, thus between hope and fear,
 Tho' your love cannot come, let your pity appear ;
 But this my request, you must grant me at least,
 And more I'll not ask, but to you leave the rest ;
 If my fate I must meet, let it be at your feet ;
 Death there with more joy, than elsewhere I wou'd
 (greet.
 A Lit-



A Little love may prove a pleasure,
 Too great a passion is a pain ;
 When we our flame by reason measure,
 Blest is our fate, and light our chain.
 Who then wou'd long a slave remain ?
 True hearts are like a fairy treasure,
 Talk'd off, but ever fought in vain.
 A little love may prove a pleasure,
 Too great a passion is a pain.



For folded flocks, on fruitful plains,
 The shepherd's and the farmers gains,
 Fair *Britain* all the world outvies ;
 And *Pan*, as in *Arcadia* reigns,
 Where pleasure mixt with profit lies.

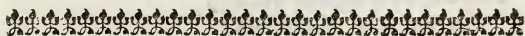
Though *Jason's* fleece was fam'd of old,
 The *British* wool is growing gold,
 No mines can more of wealth supply :
 It keeps the peasant from the cold,
 And takes for kings the *Tyrian* dye.





TELL me, *Belinda*, pr'ythee do;
The wanton *Celia* said,
Since you'll allow no lover true,
 (Inform a tender maid)
Are not we women fools than to be so?
Belinda smiling thus the sex betray'd.

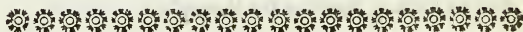
Men have their arts, and we have eyes,
We both believe, and both tell lies;
Tho' they a thousand hearts pursue,
We love to wound as many too,
Yet still with virtue! virtue! keep a pother,
 We look! we love!
 We like! we leave!
 We both deceive!
And thus are fools to one another.



OH how you protest, and solemnly lye,
Look humble, and fawn like an ass!
I'm pleas'd, I must own, whenever I see
A lover that's brought to this pass.
But keep farther off, y'are naughty I fear;
I vow I will never yield to't:
You ask me in vain, for never I swear,
I never, no never will do't.

For

For when the deed's done, how quickly you go;
 No more of the lover remains ;
 In haste you depart, whate'er we can do,
 And stubbornly throw off your chains :
 Desist then in time, let's here on't no more ;
 I vow I will never yield to't :
 You promise, in vain you adore ;
 I never no never will do't.



YE nymphs, no more take pains to hide
 Your love, but own your passion ;
 For virtue if too nice, is pride ;
 And coyness affectation.

Cupid make your virgins tender,
 Make 'em easy to be won ;
 Let 'em presently surrender,
 When the treaty's once begun.
 Such as like a tedious wooing,
 Let 'em cruel damsels find ;
 But for such as wou'd be doing,
 Prithee, *Cupid*, make 'em kind.





By a Shepherdess. **T**H E fair in the city
Don't understand pity,
Yet vainly pretend they are wiser than we are :
But the nymph of the plain
Should make much of her swain,
And think that the wiser maids are they're the freer.

By a Shepherd. When we go to our lasses
To ask their good graces,
They ought to receive us and each take their man ;
And when we meet first,
Since both know the worst,
Let's agree to be happy as fast as we can.



IF I love a man for his money,
As many have done before,
Tho' to night he may call me his honey,
To morrow he'll call me his whore.

Then better be frank and free,
And love him for loving's sake ;
The sooner we women agree,
The better's the bargain we make.

Chuse you a dear man that is kind,
 That's generous, easy, and true,
 And to keep him still in the same mind,
 Do you keep yourself in the same too.

If when he begins to change,
 You fiercely the fault reprove,
 He may like others out of revenge
 He ne'er cou'd have lik'd out of love.

To all his follies be blind,
 But mostly to that of roving;
 When he is most cross, be you most kind,
 And teach him to love you by loving.

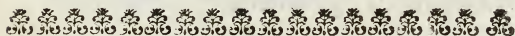
If with a hard word he is vex'd,
 A kiss will soon heal the sore;
 But if not one kiss, then try the next,
 And if not the next, the next score.

Thus soften him by degrees,
 And bring him to your lure:
 By pleasing him, yourself you may please,
 And when you've half lost him, secure.





I'm vex'd to think that *Damon* woes me,
Who with sighs and tears pursues me :
He still whining and repining,
Of my rigour does complain :
I'd not see him, yet I'd free him,
And my self, my self, from pain :
I'll enjoy him, and so cloy him :
Love cures love, more than disdain



*To Mr. MOORE, Author of the
Worm-Powder.*

How much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms ?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human race are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Proud reptile, vile and vain,
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

T

That

That woman is a worm, we find
 E'er since our grandame's evil ;
 She first convertt with her own kind,
 That antient worm, the devil.

But whether man, or he, God knows,
 Fecundified her belly,
 With that pure stuff from whence we rose,
 The genial *Vermicelli*.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name ;
 The blockhead is a slow worm ;
 The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
 Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butter-flies,
 That flutter for a day ;
 First from a worm they took their rise,
 Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows :
 Some worms suit all conditions ;
 Misers are muck-worms ; silk-worms beaus ;
 And death-watches phyicians.

That statesmen have a worm is seen
 By all their winding play ;
 Their conscience is a worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah!

Ah! *Moore*, thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain wou'd rise,
If thou could'st make the courtier void
The worm that never dies.

O learned friend of *Abchurch-lane*,
Who sets our entrails free ;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat e'en thee.

Thou only can'st our fates adjourn
Some few short years, no more :
E'en *Button's* wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.



YOUNG *Damon*, a shepherd of dangerous mien,
Long courted bright *Silvia*, of blooming fifteen:
He vow'd and he swore, she was all his delight ;
The joy of the day, and the dream of the night.
Nor fortune, nor absence, nor time could abate
That invincible passion, her eyes did create :
Such eyes ! and so killing !—they pierc'd every heart
But this silly rover's, who feign'd all his smart.

He flatter'd, he sigh'd, and he made her believe,
His heart would not suffer his lips to deceive.
But soon he deny'd ev'ry vow to the maid ;
Swore, he never did love ; nor had ever betray'd.

Young *Cupid*, enrag'd to see *Damon* despise
 A nymph, who subdued the whole plain with her eyes ;
 Cull'd his quiver in wrath, as the virgin complain'd,
 When *Damon* soon felt all the passion he feign'd.
 To *Silvia* he sues for relief in his pain ;
 But, *Silvia* repays all his suit with disdain.



O f all the simple things we do
 To rub over a whimsical life,
 There's no one folly is so true
 As that very bad bargain a wife ;
 We're just like a mouse in a trap,
 Or vermin caught in a ginn,
 We sweat and fret, and try to escape,
 And curse the sad hour we came in.
 I gam'd and drank and play'd the fool,
 And a thousand mad frolicks more ;
 I rov'd and rang'd, despis'd all rule,
 But I never was married before :
 This was the worst plague could ensue ;
 I'm mew'd in a smoaky house ;
 I us'd to tope a bottle or two,
 But now 'tis small-beer with my spouse.

My

My darling freedom crown'd my joys,
And I never was vex'd in my way ;
If now I cross her will, her voice
Makes my lodging too hot for my stay :
Like a fox that is hamper'd, in vain
I fret out my heart and soul,
Walk to and fro the length of my chain,
Then forc'd to creep into my hole.



FAREWELL, ungrateful traytor,
Farewel, my perjur'd swain ;
Let never injur'd creature
Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing ;
But 'tis too short a blessing,
And love too long a pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us,
In pity of your pain ;
But when we love, you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descry'd it,
There is no blifs beside it ;
But she, that once has try'd it,
Will never love again.

The passion you pretended
 Was only to obtain ;
 But when the charm is ended,
 The charmer you disdain.
 Your love by our's we measure,
 'Till we have lost our treasure ;
 But dying is a pleasure,
 When living is a pain.



C E L I A's smiles will quite undo me,
 Yet her frowns I cannot bear ;
 Love in ev'ry shape pursues me,
 Why was *Celia* made so fair.
 Why ye pow'rs did ye bestow
 So much beauty here below,
 Why so many charms on one,
 And yet to be possest by none.



HERE'S



HERE'S to thee, my boy,
My darling, my joy,
For a toper I love as my life ;
Who ne'er baulks his glafs,
Nor cries like an afs,
To go home to his mistress or wife.

But heartily quaffs,
Sings catches, and laughs,
All the night he looks jovial and gay ;
When morning appears,
Then homewards he steers,
To snore out the rest of the day.

He feels not the cares,
The griefs, or the fears,
That the sober too often attend ;
Nor knows he a loss,
Disturbance, or cross,
Save the want of his bottle and friend.





A Young shepherd his life
 In soft pleasure still leads,
 Tunes his voice to his reed,
 And makes love in the shades.
 To be great, to be wise,
 To be rich, to be proud,
 To be loaded with bus'ness,
 Or lost in a crowd,
 He ne'er seeks, or desires :
 Let but *Silvia* be won,
 He is great, he is rich,
 And his bus'ness is done.

Whilst their nymphs are as happy,
 As happy as fair ;
 For who has most beauty,
 Has of lovers most share.
 Some will stay, some will fly,
 Some be false, some be true :
 For the lost we ne'er grieve,
 But still cherish the new.
 'Tis vain of their frailties,
 Or falshoods to mind 'em :
 Mankind we must take,
 We must take, as we find 'em.

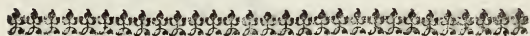




METHOUGHT I little *Cupid* saw,
Astride a tun above ;
And *Bacchus* with a nymph below,
Devoutly making love.

Friend, said the laughing god, you see,
How we our pleasures join ;
Not always beauty pleases me,
Nor always *Bacchus* wine :

But while we interchange our blifs,
We feel renewing charms,
He with fresh joys flies back to this,
And I to *Celia*'s arms.



LET not love on me bestow
Soft distress, and tender woe ;
I know none but substantial blisses,
Eager glances, solid kisses ;
I know not what the lovers feign,
Of finer pleasure mix'd with pain :
Then pr'ythee give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

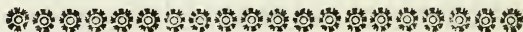


MORTALS



MORTALS, learn your lives to measure,
 Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
 Now the hours invite comply ;
 Whilst you idly pause they fly :
 Blest, with a nimble pace they keep,
 But in torment, then they creep.

Mortals learn your lives to measure,
 Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
 Soon your spring must have a fall,
 Losing youth, is losing all :
 Then you'll ask, but none will give,
 And may linger, but not live.



THINK not, my fair, 'tis sin or shame,
 To blest the man who so adores ;
 Nor give so hard, unjust a name
 To all those favours he implores.
 Beauty is heaven's most bounteous gift esteem'd,
 Because by love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet with not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear;
That is reserv'd for those above,
And 'tis a fault to claim it here.
For sensual joys ye scorn that we shou'd love ye,
But love without 'em is as much above ye.



Tis now, since I sate down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year and more;
And still I did my part.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lips did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whisp'ring in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
 By cutting off all kisses,
 Praising and gazing on her face,
 And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
 I drew all batt'ries in :
 And brought my self to lie at length,
 As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man cou'd do,
 And thought the place mine own,
 The enemy lay quiet too,
 And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
 These hopes, and this relief :
 A spy inform'd, *Honour* was there,
 And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I ;) the word straight give,
 Let's lose no time, but leave her :
 That giant upon air will live,
 And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
 As will no siege abide ;
 I hate a fool, that starves her love,
 Only to feed her pride.



Chorus



*Chorus of Athenian youths and vir-
gins, in the tragedy of Brutus.*

Youths. O Tyrant love! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breast?
Wisdom, and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Varius with blushes owns he loves,
And *Brutus* tenderly reproves.
Why, *Virtue*, dost thou blame desire,
Which nature has impress'd?
Why, *Nature*, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

Virgins. Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and *Brutus* bend to love!
Brutus for absent *Portia* sighs,
And sterner *Cassius* melts at *Junia's* eyes.
What is loose love? a wand'ring fire,
A transient fit of fond desire.
But *Hymen's* flames like stars unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste, as cold *Cynthia's* virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

Youths. What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, husband, friend ?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 And finds a thousand grateful thoughts arise,
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
 Or views his smiling progeny ;
 What tender passions take their turns ?
 What home-felt raptures move ?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

Both. Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
 False oaths, false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
 (Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine)
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure,
 Sacred *Hymen* ! these are thine.





E v'ry man take a glass in his hand,
And drink a health to our king;
Many years may he rule o'er this land,
May his lawrels for ever fresh spring;
Let wrangling and jangling straitway cease,
Let ev'ry man strive for his country's peace,
Neither tory nor whig
With their parties 'look big,
Here's a health to all honest men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical name
That proves a man loyal and just;
Let him fight for his country's fame,
Be impartial at home if in trust :
'Tis this that proves him an honest soul;
His health we will drink in a brim-full bowl.
Then leave off all debate ;
No confusion create,
Here's a health to all honest men.

When a company's honestly met,
With intent to be honest and gay ;
Their drooping souls for to whet
And drown the fatigues of the day ;

What madness it is thus to dispute,
 When neither side can his man confute :

When you've said what you dare,
 You're but just where you were,
 Here's a health to all honest men.

Then agree, ye true *Britons*, agree,
 And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name ;

Let your enemies trembling see,
 That an *Englishman's* always the same :

For our king, our church, our laws, and right,
 Let's lay by all feuds and strait unite ;

Then who need care a fig
 Who's a tory or whig :
 Here's a health to all honest men.



DAMON, don't leave me,
 Tho' I deceive thee ;
 Let it not pain you,
 If I disdain you ;

Women are won by the careless and brave,
 Women are won by the careless and brave.

Whilst I reprove thee,
 Damon, I love thee ;
 When I deny thee,
 'Tis but to try thee ;

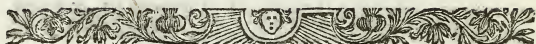
He ne'er can conquer who will be a slave,
 He ne'er can conquer who will be a slave.

I smile



I Smile at *Love*, and all his arts,
The charming *Cynthia* cries :
Take heed, for *Love* has fatal darts,
A wounded swain replies.
Once free and blest, as you are now,
I dally'd with his charms ;
I sported with his little bow,
And pointed at his arms ;
'Till urg'd too far, revenge he cries,
A fatal shaft he drew,
It took its passage through your eyes,
And to my heart it flew.
To tare it thence I strove in vain,
For I too quickly found,
'Twas only to increase the pain,
And to enlarge the wound.





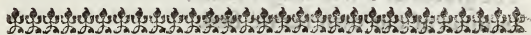
BANISH, my *Lydia*, these sad thoughts,
 Why sits thou musing so ;
 To hear the ugly rail at faults,
 They wou'd, but cannot, do :
 For let the guilt be what it will,
 So small account they bear ;
 That none yet thought it worth their while,
 On such to be severe.

With far more reason thou may'st pine
 Thy self for being fair ;
 For had'st thou but less glorious been,
 Thou of no faults wou'dst hear :
 So the great light that shines from far,
 Has had its spots set down ;
 While many a little useless star,
 Has not been tax'd with one.





As I saw fair *Clora* walk alone,
The feather'd snow came softly down,
As *Jove* descending from his tow'r
To court her in a silver show'r:
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
As little birds into their nest;
But being o'ercome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolv'd into a tear;
Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.



CHARMING is your shape and air,
And your face as morning fair!
Coral lip, and neck of snow;
Cheeks as opening roses blow!
When you speak, or smile, or move,
All is rapture, all is love.

But those eyes, alas, I hate!
Eyes, that heedless of my fate,
Shine with undiscerning rays;
On the foplin idly gaze,
Watch the glances of the vain;
Meeting mine with cold disdain!



Tis not your beauty can engage
My wary heart :

The sun, in all his pride and rage,

Has not that art;

And yet he shines as bright as you,

If brightness cou'd our souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,

Nor those you write,

Which can make *Thirsis*' heart your prey;

For that delight,

The graces of a well taught mind,

In some of our own sex we find.

No, *Flavia*, 'tis your love I fear ;

Love's surest darts,

Those which so seldom fail him, are

Headed with hearts ;

Their very shadows make us yield,

Dissemble well, and win the field.





No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour,
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her;
My ravish'd eyes behold such charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her.
One tender sigh of her's to see me languish,
Will more than pay the price of my past anguish:
Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind look of your's that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of bliss, of pleasure leaving;
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us:
And keep out time and death, when they wou'd seize
Time and death shall depart, and say in flying, (us:
Love has found out a way to live by dying.





COME, fair one, be kind,
 You never shall find
 A fellow so fit for a lover ;
 The world shall view
 My passion for you,
 But never your passion discover.

I still will complain
 Of frowns and disdain,
 Tho' I revel through all your charms ;
 The world shall declare,
 I die with despair
 When only I die in your arms.

I still will adore ;
 Love you more and more ;
 But, by *Jove*, if you chance to prove cruel,
 I'll get me a miss
 That freely will kiss,
 Tho' after I drink water-gruel.



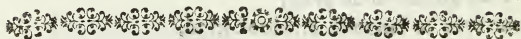


WHY shou'd a heart so tender break ?
O *Myra* ! give its anguish ease :
The use of beauty you mistake,
Not meant to vex, but please.
Those lips for smiling were design'd,
That bosom to be prest,
Your eyes to languish and look kind,
For am'rous arms your waste.
Each thing has its appointed right
Establiſh'd by the pow'rs above ;
The sun and stars give warmth and light,
The fair distribute love.



OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst ;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst !
By partners of another kind,
Afflictions easier grow ;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Silvia, for all the pangs you see,
 Are lab'ring in my breast;
 I beg not you wou'd favour me,
 Wou'd you but slight the rest!
 How great soe'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.



LET some great joys pretend to find
 In empty whimsies of the mind;
 But nothing to the soul can come
 'Till th'ushering senses make it room:
 Nor can the mind be e'er at ease,
 Unless you first the body please.
 Life is, what e'er vain man may doubt,
 But taking in and putting out.
 Since life's but a span,
 Live as much as you can,
 Let none of it pass without pleasure;
 But push on your strength:
 Of what life wants in length,
 In the breadth you must make up the measure.

All solid pleasures fops lay by,
And seek they know not what nor why :
Imperfect images they 'njoy,
Which fancy makes and can destroy.
Wh'in immaterial things delight,
Dream in the day as well as night :
In that how can they pleasure take,
Of which no image thought can make ?
Since life's but, &c.

In vain no moment then be spent,
Fill up the little life that's lent ;
Feasts, musick, wine, the day possess ;
The night, love, youth, and beauty bless.
The senses now in parcels treat,
Then altogether by the great :
No empty space in life be found,
But one continu'd joy go round.
Since life's, &c.





You say you love! repeat again,
 Repeat th' amazing sound ;
 Repeat the ease of all my pain,
 The cure of ev'ry wound.

What you to thousands have deny'd,
 To me you freely give ;
 Whilst I in humble silence dy'd
 Your mercy bid me live.

So on cold *Latmos* top each night
Endymion sighing lay,
 Gaz'd on the moon's transcendent light,
 Despair'd, and durst not pray.

But divine *Cynthia* saw his grief,
 Th' effect of conqu'ring charms ;
 Unask'd, the goddess brings relief,
 And falls into his arms.





She. **T**ELL me, *Thirsis*, tell your anguish,
Why you sigh, and why you languish ;
When the nymph whom you adore,
Grants the blessing
Of possessing,
What can love and I do more ?

He. Think it's love beyond all measure
Makes me faint away with pleasure ;
Strength of cordial may destroy,
And the blessing
Of possessing,
Kills me with excess of joy.

She. *Thirsis*, how can I believe you ?
But confess, and I'll forgive you :
Men are false, and so are you ;
Never nature
Fram'd a creature,
To enjoy, and yet be true.

He. Mine's a flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring,
Fit for love's imperial crown ;
Ever shining,
And refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down :



SABINA with an angel's face,
 By love ordain'd for joy,
 Seems of the *Syren's* cruel race,
 To charm, and then destroy.

With all the arts of look and dress,
 She fans the fatal fire ;
 Through pride, mistaken oft for grace,
 She bids the swain expire.

The god of love, enrag'd to see
 The nymph defy his flame,
 Pronounc'd this merciless decree
 Against the haughty dame ;

Let age with double speed o'ertake her,
 Let love the room of pride supply ;
 And when the lovers all forsake her,
 A spotless virgin let her die.





STRIP of their greens our groves appear,
Our vales lie buried deep in snow,
The blowing north controuls the air,

A nipping cold chills all below :
The frost has glaz'd our deepest streams,
Phæbus withdraws his kindly beams,
Yet winter blest be thy return,
Thou'st brought the swain for whom I mourn,
And in thy ice with pleasing flames we burn.

Too soon the sun's reviving heat
Will thaw that ice and melt that snow,
Trumpets will sound, and drums will beat,
And tell me the dear youth must go ;
Then must my weak unwilling arms
Resign him up to stronger charms :
What sweets, what flowers, what beauteous thing,
Now *Damon's* gone, can ease or pleasure bring ;
Winter brings *Damon*, winter is my spring.

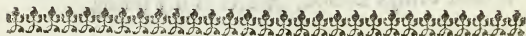




DORINDA has such pow'rful arts,
 Such an attractive air,
 None can resist her conqu'ring darts,
 But gladly yield their captive hearts
 To so divine a fair.

Thus the mysterious loadstone's pow'r
 Each wandering atome draws;
 From pole to pole they take their course,
 Confin'd by an intrinsick force,
 And circle in its laws.

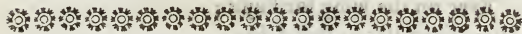
Magnetick pow'rs her charms attend;
 But then here lies the riddle,
 The loadstone does its force extend;
 And strongest draws at either end,
Dorinda in the middle.



COME, *Pyrrha*, tell what lover now
 Is most in your good graces?
 On what lac'd coat, or scented beau,
 In publick you your smiles bestow,
 And more in private places.

What

What easy heart do you invade
By all this nice adorning ?
For what vain fop is now display'd
The *Mecklin* lace and rich brocade ?
At toilet spent the morning ?
Ah, how he'll rage, when midst this calm
Tempestuous clouds shall gather,
When he beholds the low'ring storm,
That faithless brow of thine deform,
Untry'd in boist'rous weather !
Whom now thy look serene beguiles,
Ah poor, unthinking creature !
Who credulous, enjoys thy smiles,
And never dreaming of thy wiles,
Now thinks thee all good-nature.
He feels thy charms in wretched hour,
That's to thy ways a stranger :
As for my part, my turn is o'er,
Iv'e scap'd the deep, and safe from shore
Look on another's danger.



WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breast.
Say, soft confusion, art thou love ?
If love thou art, then farewell rest !

Since

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
 Though hopeless of a warm return :
 Yet kill me not with cold despair ;
 But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
 Those gentle smiles did first create ;
 And though you cannot love again,
 In pity, oh, forbear to hate.



F O O L I S H swain, thy sighs forbare,
 Nothing can her passion move ;
Celia with a careless air,
 Laughs to hear the tales of love ;
 Darts and flames the nymph defies,
 Toys which other hearts beguile ;
 Pleasure sparkles in her eyes,
 Gay without an am'rous smile.

Celia like the feather'd choir,
 Ever on the wing for flight ;
 Hops from this to that desire,
 Flutt'ring still in new delight ;
 Pleas'd she seems when you are by,
 And when absent she's the same ;
 Talks of love like you or I,
 But believes't an empty name.



OH conceal that charming creature
From my wond'ring, wishing eyes!
Every motion, every feature

Does some ravish'd heart surprize;
But oh, I sighing, sighing, see
The happy swain! she ne'er can be
False to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly show her,
Ah! how wretched I remain;

'Tis not, sure, a thing below her,
Still to pity so much pain;
The gods some pleasure, pleasure take,
Happy as themselves to make
Those who suffer for their sake.

Since your hand alone was giv'n
To a wretch not worth your care;

Like some angel sent from heav'n,
Come and raise me from despair:

Your heart I cannot, cannot miss,
And I desire no other bliss;
Let all the world besides be his.





A POLLO once finding fair *Daphne* alone,
 Discover'd his flame in a passionate tone;
 He told her, and bound it with many a curse,
 He was ready to take her for better, for worse.
 Then he talk'd of his smart,
 And the hole in his heart,
 So large, one might drive thro' the passage a cart.
 But the silly coy maid, to the god's great amazement
 Sprung away from his arms, and leapt thro' the
 (casement

He following, cry'd out, my life and my dear,
 Return to your lover, and lay by your fear.
 You think me perhaps some scoundrel, or whoreson,
 Alas, I've no wicked designs on your person.
 I'm a god by my trade,
 Young, plump, and well made,
 Then let me caress thee, and be not afraid.
 But still she kept running, and flew like the wind,
 While the poor purfy god came panting behind.

I'm the chief of physicians, and none of the college
 Must be mention'd with me for experience and know-
 ledge:
 Each herb, flower and plant by its name I can call,
 And do more than the best seventh son of 'em all.

With my powders and pills,

I cure all the ills

That sweep off such numbers each week in the bills:

But still she kept running, and flew like the wind,

While the poor purfy god came panting behind.

Besides I'm a poet, child, into the bargain,

And top all the writers of fam'd *Covent Garden*.

I'm the prop of the stage, and the pattern of wit,

I set my own sonnets, and sing to my kit.

I'm at *Will's* all the day,

And each night at the play;

And verses I make fast as hops, as they say, (speed:

When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her

And flew like a whore from a constable freed.

Now had our wise lover (but lovers are blind)

In the language of *Lombard-street* told her his mind;

Look, lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of money,

Odsbobs I must swinge thee, my joy and my honey.

I sit next the chair,

And shall shortly be maior,

Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb*, with me can compare:

Tho' as wrinkled as *Priam*, deform'd as the devil,

The god had succeeded, the nymph had been civil,



*CELIA Singing.*

You that think love can convey,
 No other way
 But through the eyes, into the heart,
 His fatal dart,
 Close up those casements, and but hear
 This Syren sing
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voice, it shall appear
 That love can enter at the ear :

Then unveil your eyes, behold
 The curious mould
 Where that voice dwells, and as we know,
 When the cocks crow,
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day :
 So may you, when the musick's done,
 Awake and see the rising sun :





HA S T E, shepherds, haste, and come away,
This joyful sun gave *Cloe* birth;
Cloe, the goddess of the *May*,
Leave all your flocks and haste to mirth.
Come, pipe and dance, and try each rural play,
And join in chorus with my am'rous lay.

Ye stars that shin'd this gladsome morn,
Still shed your influential rays ;
My *Cloe*'s birth-day still adorn,
Bless her with happy, happy days.
And you, bright sun, put on your brightest hue,
To view my *Cloe*, brighter far than you.

Ah! *Cloe*, wou'd I now cou'd be
As easy under those soft charms,
As when your new born beauties lay
All guiltless in your nurse's arms.
Alas! I then foresaw the distant day,
But little thought 'twou'd take my peace away !

Mature in beauty when you grew,
Love wholly then possess my heart ;
And when *Love*'s goddess finish'd you,
Cupid the deeper fix'd his dart.
Ye powers who form'd my *Cloe* with such care,
Oh! make her kind, as ye have made her fair.

And you, my *Cloe*, pity show,
 Serenely look those conqu'ring eyes ;
 Pity the pain I undergo,
 And with a smile your swain surprize.
 When *Cloe* smiles, her charms resistless are,
 And *Cloe* kind, is *Cloe* doubly fair.

Cloe, cou'd I your favour move,
 Proudly I'd triumph in your chain ;
 Nor shou'd you e'er repent your love,
 By *Strephon* serv'd, your faithful swain.
Strephon, who will with all you wish comply,
 Nor wou'd refuse, shou'd you command, to die.

Sing all ye shepherds, greet the day,
 Which gave my lovely *Cloe* birth ;
Cloe, the goddess of the *May* :
 Leave all your flocks, and haste to mirth.
 Come, pipe and dance, and try each rural play,
 And join in chorus with my am'rous lay.





How pleasant is mutual love, that is true ?
Then, *Phillis*, let us our affections unite ;
For the more you love me, the more I love you,
The more we contribute to each other's delight :
For they, that enjoy without loving first,
Still eat without stomach, and drink without thirst.

Such is the poor fool who loves upon duty,
Because a canonical coxcomb has made him ;
And ne'er tastes the sweets of love and of beauty ;
But drudges because a dull priest has betray'd him :
But who in enjoyment from love take their measure,
Are wrapt with delight, and still ravish'd with pleasure.

Each night he's a bridegroom, and she is a bride :
When their minds and their bodies shall both so
(agree,
That neither shall pleasure from the other divide,
But both at one instant shall satisfy'd be.
Let fools for convenience be drawn to their love ;
But this is the way real pleasure to prove.



PASTORA's beauties when unblown,
 E'er yet the tender bud did cleave,
 To my more early love were known,
 Their fatal pow'r I did perceive :
 How often in the dead of night,
 When all the world lay hush'd in sleep,
 Have I thought this my chief delight,
 To sigh for you, for you to weep.

Upon my heart, whose leaf of white
 No letter yet did ever stain,
 Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
 The fair *Pastora* here must reign :
 Her eyes, those darling suns, shall prove
 Thy love to be of noble race ;
 Which took its flight so far above
 All humane things on her to gaze.

How can you then a love despise,
 A love that was infus'd by you ;
 You gave breath to its infant sighs,
 And all its griefs that did ensue :
 The pow'r you have to wound I feel,
 How long shall I of that complain ;
 Now shew the pow'r you have to heal,
 And take away the tort'ring pain.





WHEREVER I am, and whatever I do,
My *Phillis* is still in my mind ;
When angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My feet of themselves the way find :
Unknown to my self I am just at her door,
And when I wou'd rail, I can bring out no more,
Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind !

When *Phillis* I see, my heart burns in my breast,
And the love I wou'd stifle is shown :
But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,
When from mine eyes *Phillis* is gone:
Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind ;
But alas ! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I sigh to my self all alone.

Shou'd a king be my rival in her I adore,
He shou'd offer his treasure in vain :
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again :
Let *Phillis* be mine, and but ever be kind,
I cou'd to a desert with her be confin'd ;
And envy no monarch his reign.

Alas ! I discover too much of my love ;
 And she too well knows her own pow'r :
 She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour.
 But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
 I had rather love *Phillis*, both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her pow'r.



WHILE I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my life decay,
 That pow'rful noise
 Calls my fleeting soul away.
 Oh ! suppress that magick sound,
 Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, *Chloris*, peace, or singing die ;
 That together you and I
 To heav'n may go :
 For all we know
 Of what the blessed do above,
 Is, that they sing, and that they love.





GRAVE fops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move;
They by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, because they are
By that defect secure
From slavery and toil of war,
Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect
And wounds from *Celia's* eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
These fools that seem so wise.

'Tis true, they fondly set their hearts
On things of no delight;
To pass all day for men of parts,
They pass alone the night:

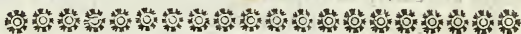
But *Celia* never breaks their rest;
Such servants she disdains;
And so the fops are dully blest,
While I endure her chains.





L O V E, thou art best of human joys,
 Our chiefest happiness below ;
 All other pleasures are but toys,
 Musick without thee is but noise,
 And beauty but an empty show.

Heav'n, who knew best what man wou'd move,
 And raise his thoughts above the brute ;
 Said, let him be, and let him love ;
 That must alone his soul improve,
 Howe'er philosophers dispute.



M y days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine encreas'd their stream ?
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught ;
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
Does ev'ry doubt controul,
And charming *Nancy* stands confest
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle ecchoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love;

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
And hardly covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.





IT is a punishment to love,
 And not to love, a punishment does prove;
 But of all pains there's no such pain
 As 'tis to love, and not be lov'd again.

'Till sixteen, parents we obey ;
 After sixteen, men steal our hearts away ;
 How wretched are we women grown,
 Whose wills, whose minds, whose hearts are ne'er
 our own.



Thirsis. **D**ELIA, how long must I despair,
 And tax you with disdain ?
 Still to my tender love severe,
 Untouch'd when I complain.

Delia. When men of equal merit love us,
 And do with equal ardour sue;
Thirsis, you know but one must move us;
 Can I be your's and *Stephen's* too ?

My ravish'd eyes view both with pleasure,
 Impartial to your high desert;
 To both alike esteem I measure,
 To one alone can give my heart.

Thirsis

Thirsis. Mysterious guide of inclination,
Tell me, tyrant, why am I
With equal merit, equal passion,
Thus the victim doom'd to die ?

Delia. On fate alone depends success,
And fancy reason over-rules ;
Or why shou'd virtue ever miss
Reward, so often giv'n to fools.

'Tis not the handsome, nor the witty,
But who alone is born to please :
Love does predestinate our pity ;
We chuse but whom he first decrees.



CIARA, charming without art,
The wonder of the plain,
Wounded by love's resistless dart,
Had over fondly giv'n her heart
To a regardless swain :
Who, tho' he well knew
Her passion was true,
Her truth and her beauty disdain'd ;
While thus the fair maid,
By her folly betray'd,
To the rest of the virgins complain'd.

Take heed of man, and while you may,
 Shun love's alluring snare;
 The joy it promises to day,
 Does e'er the morrow fly away,
 And all the rest is care.

But if you love first
 You're certainly curst;
 Despair will insult in your breast:
 The nature of men
 Is to flight who love them,
 And love those that flight them the best.

Yet let the conqu'ror know my mind,
 Ingrateful *Celadon*,
 That he will never, never find
 One half so true, or half so kind,
 When I am dead and gone!
 But as she thus spoke
 Her tender heart broke:
 Death spares not the fair nor the young:
 So swans when they die
 Make their own elegy,
 And breath out their lives in a song.





As the snow in vallies lying,
Phæbus his warm beams applying,
Soon dissolves and runs away ;
So the beauties, so the graces,
Of the most bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
By the slaves he once controul'd ;
So the nymph, if none cou'd move her,
Is contemn'd by ev'ry lover,
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholick looks, and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
Are th'effects your rigours move ;
Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
Melting sighs, transporting trances,
Are the blest'd effects of love.

Fair ones! while your beauty's blooming,
Use your time, lest age resumming
What your youth profusely lends ;
You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories,
To your unbelieving friends.





WHY, *Phillis*, with a prudish air,
 D'you spoil love's conversation,
 While hate of kissing you declare,
 And say 'tis out of fashion?

When your sex children can produce,
 Yet be oblig'd to no man,
 Then kissing shall be out of use,
 And we not court a woman.

Bright *Cytherea* then must die,
 Love cease his trade of killing,
 The sacred dove shall lonely fly,
 And leave off am'rous billing.

Then *Ovid* shall no more be read,
 (Or read shall not be moving)
 But vex'd to hear among the dead,
 We slight his *Art of Loving*.





BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes ;
The charms that have subdu'd my heart,
Another may despise.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright :
Perhaps, by some fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion know,
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancied beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less,

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You shou'd preserve my fire :
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind :
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind:





THE cruel *Celia* loves and burns
 In flames she cannot hide;
 Make her, dear *Thirsis*, cold returns,
 Treat her with scorn and pride.

You know the captives she has made,
 The torment of her chain;
 Let her, let her be once betray'd,
 Or rack her with disdain!

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
 She bends her knee divine;
 Her tears for *Damon's* sake despise;
 Let her kneel still for mine.

Pursue thy conquest, charming youth,
 Her haughty beauty vex,
 Till trembling virgins learn this truth;
 Men can revenge their sex.





FROM *White's* and *Will's*
To purging rills
The love-sick *Strephon* flies ;
There full of woe,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

The fair coquett,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town ;
But when in tears,
The youth appears,
She meets him with a frown.

Full oft the maid
This prank had play'd,
'Till angry *Strephon* swore ;
And, what is strange,
Tho' loath to change,
Would never see her more.





WHEN I held out against your eyes,
 You took the surest course,
 A heart unwary to surprize,
 You ne'er could take by force.

However, tho' I strive no more,
 The fort will now be priz'd ;
 Which, if surrender'd up before,
 Perhaps had been despis'd.

But gentle *Amoretta*, tho'
 I cannot love resist ;
 Think not, when you have caught me so,
 To use me as you list.

Inconstancy, or coldness, will
 My foolish heart reclaim,
 Then I come off with honour still,
 But you, alas, with shame.

A heart by kindness only gain'd,
 Will a dear conquest prove ;
 And, to be kept, must be maintain'd,
 At vast expence of love.





The ROVER fixed.

CHLOE! your sovereign charms I own;
I feel the fatal smart:
The glory you can boast, alone
To fix my wand'ring heart.

Your beauteous sex, with various grace,
My passions oft have mov'd,
And now a shape, and then a face,
As fancy led, I lov'd.

So does the vagrant bee explore
Each sweet, that nature yields;
Lightly she skims from flow'r to flow'r,
And ranges all the fields.

But you have found the cruel art,
To cure my roving mind;
Each female beauty you impart,
Your sex in one combin'd.

My eyes disclose my secret pain,
My constant sighs discover,
Tho' in deep silence I remain,
That I am *Chloe's* lover.

Irkſome

Irkfome I pass the hours away,
 When banish'd from your sight;
 I languish all the live-long day,
 And all the wakeful night.

Tell me, ye learn'd, who study much
 The nature of mankind,
 Why, if I think, or look, or touch,
 If she be coy or kind.

I feel my bosom strangely move,
 Quick throbbings seize my breast;
 All that I know is that I love,
 Do you explain the rest.



VARIETY I love, 'tis true,
 But for your dear, dear sake alone:
 Variety I find in you,
 Who have all woman's charms in one.

Your humour varies like your look,
 Which you so daily change to me;
 That if with change I were not took,
 I cou'd not constant to you be.

Blame me not for inconstancy,
 Which more my faith does to thee prove,
 Did I not love variety,
 Thee, fickle dear! how shou'd I love?

To

To please men more, you change your drefs,
Why shou'd you likewise not your mind ?
Since you wou'd but please lovers less,
If you, the same still, shou'd they find.

I need not change, since you do so ;
Both your looks, your talk, and your mind ?
That all varieties in you
I have, of changing woman-kind.



WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet so shy ?
Why does that cold forbidding air,
Give damps of sorrow and despair ?
Or why that smile my soul subdue,
And kindle up my flames anew ?

In vain you strive with all your art,
By turns to freeze and fire my heart :
When I behold a face so fair,
So sweet a look, so soft an air,
My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er,
I cannot love thee less nor more.





On a Lady throwing SNOW-BALLS.

To the bleak winds, on barren sands,
While *Delia* dares her charms expose,
To missive globes with glowing hands
She forms the soft-descending snows.

The lovely maid, from ev'ry part
Collecting, moulds with nicest care
The flakes, less frozen than her heart,
Less than her downy bosom fair.

On my poor breast her arms she tries,
Levell'd at me, like darted flame
From *Jove's* red hand, the pellet flies ;
As swift its course, as sure its aim !

Cold, as I thought, the fleecy rain,
Unhock'd I stood, nor fear'd a smart :
While latent fires, with pointed pain,
Shot thro' my veins, and pierc'd my heart.

Or with her eyes she warms the snow,
(What coldness can their beams withstand ?
Or else, (who would not kindle so ?)
It caught th' infection from her hand.

So glowing seeds to flints confin'd
The sun's enliv'ning heat conveys ;
Thus iron, to the load-stone join'd,
Usurps its pow'r, and wins its praise.

So strongly influent burn her charms,
While heav'n's own light can scarce appear ;
While winter's rage his rays disarms,
And blasts the beauties of the year.

To ev'ry hope of safety lost,
In vain we fly the lovely foe ;
Since flames invade, disguis'd in frost,
And *Cupid* tips his shafts with snow.



THE precious hours of flying youth,
Marcella, waste no more,
Fed with vain hopes of love and truth,
Which faithless *Thyrsis* swore.

When from thy arms the swain is fled,
And views thee with disdain ;
Twill be too late, mistaken maid,
Of falshood to complain.

Can'st thou the cautious fool approve,
Who could defer his blifs ?
Can he have felt the power of love,
Who hastes not to possess ?

252 *A Collection of Songs, &c.*

Love scorns the thinking fots, and hates
Their gravity and reason;
Is always ready, and ne'er waits
Conveniency and season.

Fly from this lazy lover, fly,
Who lengthens out the chase;
Whose pleasures in pursuing lye,
And fears too nigh to press.

Marcella, vindicate with care
The empire of your eyes,
The world will think you not so fair,
If *Thyrsis* is so wise.

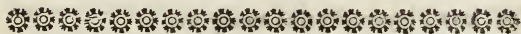


CORINNA, 'tis you that I love,
And love with a passion so great;
That death a less-torment wou'd prove,
Than either your frown or your hate:

So soft and prevailing your charms,
In vain I shou'd strive to retreat;
Oh! then let me live in your arms,
Or die in despair at your feet.

In

In vain I may pray to love's powers,
To ease me and pity my pain ;
Since the heart that I sue for is yours,
Who all other powers disdain :
Like a goddess you absolute reign,
You alone 'tis can save or can kill,
To whom else then shou'd I complain,
Since my fate must depend on your will.



CAN then a look create a thought,
Which time can ne'er remove ;
Yes, foolish heart, again thou'rt caught,
Again thou bleed'st for love.

She sees the conquest of her eyes,
Nor heals the wounds she gave ;
She smiles whene'er his blushes rise,
And sighing shuns her slave.

Then swain be bold, and still adore her,
Still her flying charms pursue ;
Love and friendship both implore her,
Pleading night and day for you.





A conflict between love and reason.

LESBIA's smiles shall ne'er deceive me,
And her frowns no more shall grieve me ;
Tyrant love must cease to reign,
Reason now returns again.

Both love's joys and pains annoy us ;
These enervate, those destroy us ;
From the snare myself I'll free,
And enjoy my liberty.

How 'twill raise the fair one's wonder
I should break her chains asunder !
How 'twill mortify her pride
By her slave to be defy'd !

Yet methinks I cou'd not view her,
Without shewing pity to her ;
I relent— I cannot bear
To forsake the lovely fair.

Reason seems a tyrant cruel,
With a child that's blind to duel ;
Cruel reason I disown,
Gentle love ! resume thy throne.





'T is strange, this heart within my breast,
Reason opposing, and her pow'rs,
Cannot one gentle moment rest,
Unless it knows what's done in yours:

In vain I ask it of your eyes,
Which subt'ly wou'd my fears controul;
For art has taught them to disguise,
Which nature made t'explain the soul.

In vain that sound your voice affords
Flatters sometimes my easy mind;
But of too vast extent are words,
In them the jewel truth to find.

Then let my fond enquiries cease,
And so let all my troubles end:
For, sure, that heart shall ne'er know peace,
Which on another's does depend.





How long will *Cynthia* own no flame,
 And my warm suit disprove?
 Our ages mutually proclaim,
 'Tis now the time to love.

Ah! think how swift each minute flies,
 How years will form consume:
 No lover, when you wither, dies;
 We sicken, when you bloom.

Minerva, rough, and bred in war,
 The nuptial joys declin'd:
 But had she been, like *Venus*, fair,
 She'd been, like *Venus*, kind.

In vain you force severe replies,
 And willing nature wrong:
 While *Cupid's* languish in your eyes,
 Who can believe your tongue!

Half to forbid, and half comply,
 Nor damps, nor blows desire:
 In looks, as well as words deny,
 Or put out fire with fire.





BELINDA, see from yonder flowers
The bee flies loaded to its cell ;
Can you perceive what it devours ?
Are they impair'd in shew or smell ?

So, tho' I robb'd you of a kifs,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew ;
Why are you angry at my blifs ?
Has it at all impoverish'd you ?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famish'd love alive,
Which you inhumanly wou'd starve.



SEE, from the silent grove *Alexis* flies,
And seeks, with ev'ry pleasing art,
To ease the pain, which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.

To shining theatres he now repairs,
To learn *Camilla's* moving airs ;
Where thus, to musick's pow'r, the swain address'd
(his pray'rs.

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Charming sounds, that sweetly languish ;

Musick, oh compose my anguish !

Ev'ry passion yields to thee :

Phœbus, quickly then releive me ;

Cupid shall no more deceive me ;

I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

Apollo heard the foolish swain ;

He knew when Daphne once he lov'd,

How weak, t'assuage an am'rous pain,

His own harmonious art had prov'd,

And all his healing herbs how vain.

Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,

Preluding to his voice, and sings.

Sounds, tho' charming, can't releive thee ;

Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee,

Musick is the voice of love.

If the tender maid believe thee,

Soft relenting,

Kind consenting,

Will alone thy pain remove.





THE brightest goddess of the sky
How did she panting, sighing lie,
And languishing desire to die!
For the triumphant god of war
Amidst his trophies did appear,
As charming rough as she was fair.

Their loves were blest, they had a son,
The little *Cupid*, who has shewn
More conquests than his sire e'er won.
He grew the mightiest god above,
By which we him a rebel prove
To heav'n, that dares be so to love.

How soft the delights, and how charming the joy,
Where love and enjoyment each other support!
Let the cynical fool call pleasure a toy,
Who ne'er fame in the camp had, nor love in the court.
O so kindly the combats each other succeed,
Where 'tis triumph to die, and a pleasure to bleed.





HERE end my chains, and thralldom cease,
If not in joy, I'll live in peace:

Since for the pleasures of an hour

We must endure an age of pain;

I'll be this abject thing no more ;

Love, give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast,

Now falshood, a more cruel guest.

O! for the peace of human-kind,

Make women longer true, or sooner kind ;

With justice or with mercy reign,

O love! or give me back my heart again.



BEHOLD where weeping *Venus* stands !

What more than mortal grief can move

The bright, th' immortal queen of love ?

She beats her breast, she wrings her hands ;

And hark, she mourns, but mourns in vain,

Her beauteous, lov'd *Adonis* slain :

The hills and woods her loss deplore ,

The *Naiads* hear, and flock around ;

And *Eccho* sighs, with mimick sound ;

Adonis is no more.

Again the goddess raves, and tears her hair;

Then vents her grief, her love, and her despair.

Dear

*Dear Adonis, beauty's treasure,
Now my sorrow, once my pleasure ;
O return to Venus' arms.
Venus never will forsake thee ;
Let the voice of love o'ertake thee,
And revive thy drooping charms.*

*Thus, queen of beauty, as thy poets feign,
While thou didst call the lovely swain ;
Transform'd by heavenly pow'r,
The lovely swain arose a flow'r,
And smiling grac'd the plain.
And now he blooms, and now he fades,
Venus and gloomy Proserpine
Alternate claim his charms divine,
By turns restor'd to light, by turns he seeks the shade*

*Transporting joy,
Tormenting fears,
Reviving smiles
Succeeding tears,
Are Cupid's various train.*

*The tyrant boy
Prepares his darts,
With soothing wiles,
With cruel arts,
And pleasure blends with pain.*





WHEN charming *Teraminta* sings,
 Each new air new passion brings :
 Now I resolve, and now I fear,
 Now I triumph, now despair,
 Frolick now, now faint I grow,
 Now I freeze, and now I glow.
 The panting zephyrs round her play,
 And trembling on her lips wou'd stay ;
 Now wou'd listen, now wou'd kiss,
 Till by her breath repuls'd, they fly,
 And in low pleasing murmurs die.
 Nor do I ask that she wou'd give,
 By some new note the pow'r to live :
 I wou'd expiring with the sound,
 Die on the lips that gave the wound.



Upon



Upon a favour offer'd.

CELIA, too late, you wou'd repent :
The off'ring all your store,
Is now but like a pardon sent
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the blifs too late ;
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent, as fair,
When first my court I made ;
But when your falshoods plain appear,
My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of those favours shown,
Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valu'd medals down,
And giving us the brafs.

Oh, since the thing we beg 's a toy,
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before our love is gone ?



*The VENTURE.*

OH, how I languish ! what a strange
Unruly fierce desire !

My spirits feel some wond'rous change.

My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiser thoughts, away,

In vain your tale ye tell

Of patient hopes and dull delay,

Love's foppish part, farewell.

Suppose one week's delay would give

All that my wishes move ;

Oh, who so long a time can live,

Stretch'd on the rack of love ?

Her soul perhaps is too sublime,

To like such slavish fear ;

Discretion, prudence, all is crime,

If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the soldier call

To some unequal fight,

Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,

Before his gen'ral's fight;

Advanc'd the happy hero lives ;

Or if ill fate denies,

The noble rashness heav'n forgives,

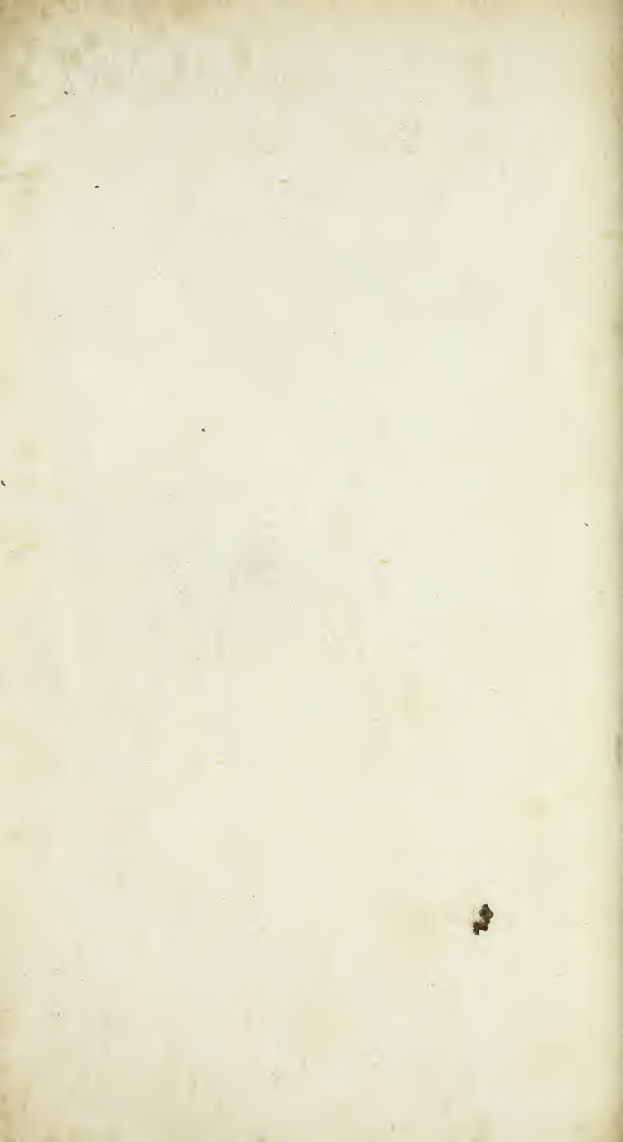
And gloriously he dies.

The E N D.









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Not in H&L

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